THE BYSTANDER
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FEBRUARY 5, 1930
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the BYSTANDER

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the
BYSTANDER

THE MARCHIONESS of QUEENSBERRY.

The second wife of the Marquis of Queensberry, whose wedding took place in 1926. She was formerly Miss Kathleen Mann and is the daughter of the well known portrait painter Mr. Harrington Mann.

Raphael

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IT is this mustard pickle with the golden liquor that brings out the flavour of cold meat most marvellously and turns the cheese course into the best moment of a meal. Insist on C and B's —the original Piccalilli
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CROSSE & BLACKWELL
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Stuarts

These young Parisiennes at Villars have banded together to form a ladies' ice hockey team called "Droit au But," which is the first of its kind to be established. They are most anxious to challenge an English ladies' team to combat, so now it is up to England to provide some good opposition

The Passing Hour

THE most sought after invitation at the moment is that from a member of the committee of the Italian exhibition to visit the pictures at Burlington House on a Sunday, when it is closed to the general public. Apart from the fact that one enjoys an exclusive privilege, there is the enviable advantage of being able to stroll around the galleries without being crushed and buffeted by the crowds which still flock daily to the exhibition. The invitation is only accorded in special circumstances and to the most intimate friends of the committee. For instance, there were only half a dozen people in the galleries on a recent Sunday. The Premier and Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Foreign Secretary, were closely inspecting the pictures, as were Miss Ishbel MacDonald, Lady Colefax, the Baronne Cartier de la Marchienne, the wife of the Belgian Ambassador, and Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain, both of whom, presumably, cannot see enough of the exhibition, for they visited it almost daily when it was first opened.

"AS NOW WORN" AT VILLARS

A hardy Amazon of the snows who combines a bathing costume and ski-ing kit when out for a run at Villars. It is only the bright sunshine of a Swiss winter which makes such a costume possible without running the risk of pneumonia

Señorita Lilli de Alvarez at the start of a ski race for visitors to St. Moritz, in which she was the first woman to finish. She is "packing" up and deserting the snowy heights for lawn tennis on the Riviera

His Majesty and Royal Ascot

THE probability of the King playing a larger part in the events of the summer season and the likelihood of his attendance at Ascot is good news indeed. Anyone who has been abroad lately or who has been meeting many Americans is bound to have been encouraged by their increasing interest in England as a place to visit, as a place where, if liberty is not what it was, prices remain normal. The presence of the

A PINERO PLAY AMONG THE WHELK STALLS

King and Queen in London and Windsor will lend additional colour to the pageantry of the summer months. All of which is most excellent advertisement—and our dignity should not shrink from such national publicity — to attract foreigners to our shores, for they represent, financially, most valuable revenue.

In the Rather Wild West

ALTHOUGH the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, is in a neighbourhood made salubrious with fried fish shops and whelk stalls, first nights there attract interesting, as well as interested, audiences, and the stream of motor cars waiting to decant their occupants often reaches as far as the Broadway! This was the case last Wednesday evening, when Sir Arthur Pinero's famous farce, *Dandy Dick*, was revived. It was a pity that this revival did not take place two days earlier, for then it would have synchronised with the exact anniversary of the production at the old Court Theatre forty-three years ago. The veteran dramatist was not present, though I gather from Sir Nigel Playfair's speech of thanks that he had made his presence felt at rehearsals!

Vyvyan Poole

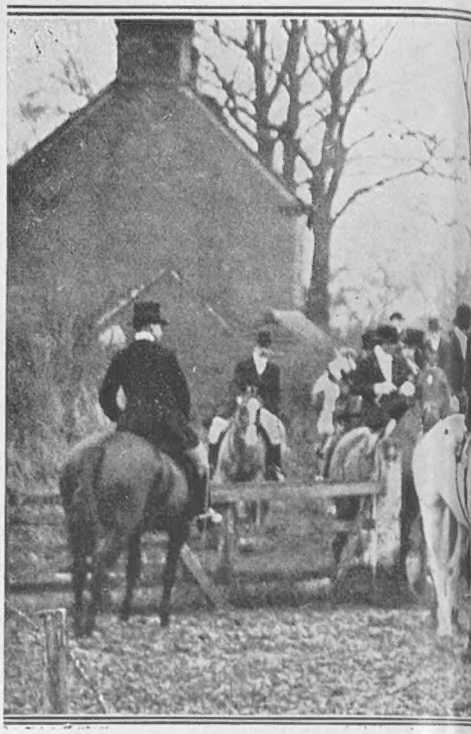
Lady Millicent Taylour chatting with the Hon. Mrs. J. Barry at a meet of the Meath Hounds at Dunboyne, near Dublin, whilst below on the left is—

Raphael

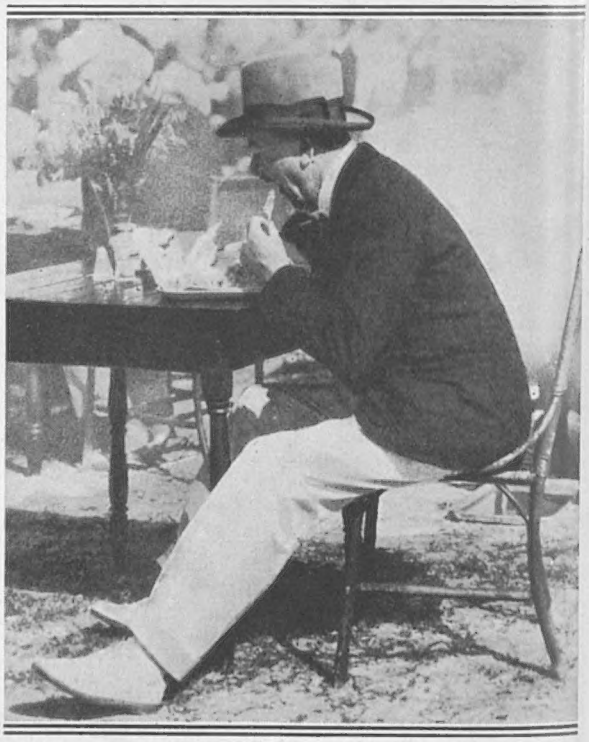
—a studio portrait of Lady Millicent, whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. Henry F. Tiarks. She is the daughter of the 4th Marquess of Headfort, who married the famous actress, Rosie Boote

A Distinguished First Night

SIR ARTHUR'S stepdaughter, Mrs. Holmes, however, was in a box opposite one occupied by Lady Playfair and her children, who laughed most unsympathetically at Sir Nigel's "dignity in distress." Art was represented by Mr. Norman Wilkinson and Mr. and Mrs. George Sheringham, music by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Goossens, and the world of letters by Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Gilbert Frankau, while a brother dramatist in the person of Mr. Ashley Dukes beamed benignly from the stalls.



The Field moving off at the meet of the Whaddon Cha



"EVEN A DUKE MUST HAVE HIS MOMENTS"

Says the American caption to this picture. We learn that it is "Sir John Mullens, one of England's wealthiest peers, enjoying the annual outing of the committee of a hundred of Miami Beach at Cocolobo Cay Club." Sir John Mullens was formerly the Government Broker and is known as the father of Princess Imeretinsky

TO THE CÔTE D'AZUR BY AIR

Hunt, held at Rowsham, near Aylesbury. Hounds had an excellent day and killed twice

An Infant Heir

WHAT may be described as the christening of the week took place at the Church of St. John, Smith Square, Westminster, on January 28, when the infant son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Queensberry underwent the ordeal with equanimity, and "among those present," in addition to the proud father and mother, was their little daughter, Lady Jane Douglas. Lady Queensberry, whose portrait is to be found adorning our opening page in this issue, was formerly Miss Kathleen Mann, a surname well-known in the Art world, for not only is her father Mr. Harrington Mann, the famous portrait painter, but Lady Queensberry herself is an accomplished painter who has produced some charming work.

Miss Smiley, daughter of Lady Smiley, and Miss Keyes seen at the meet of the Garth Hunt at Easthampstead, the seat of the Marquess of Downshire. On the previous night the Hunt Ball was held and was attended by many well-known people

'Plane Sailing

TRAVELLING to the South of France is somewhat of an ordeal, even by the Blue Train, and many people accustomed to air travel would appreciate a direct service by aeroplane from London or Paris. Our own excellent company, Imperial Airways, is not allowed to operate an internal air line in France, and the French themselves seem more concerned with political lines than with those that are for people's convenience, even though the latter might pay handsomely, as in the case of a de luxe service to the Riviera. By leaving Croydon at 9 a.m. on the Golden Ray and changing machines in Paris it is possible to get

Princess Mary at the meet of the Bramham Moor Hunt at Scarcroft, near Leeds. With her is seen her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles

A FAMILY GATHERING AT CHATSWORTH

as far as Marseilles, but here there is a gap in the time-table of some hours before the train connection leaves for Cannes, Nice and, finally, Monte Carlo, at close on midnight. It would be quite easy to establish a regular seaplane service from Marseilles, the aerodrome and seaplane base being side by side. Antibes, which has been the terminus of a seaplane line from Ajaccio for some years, could be used as the other base.

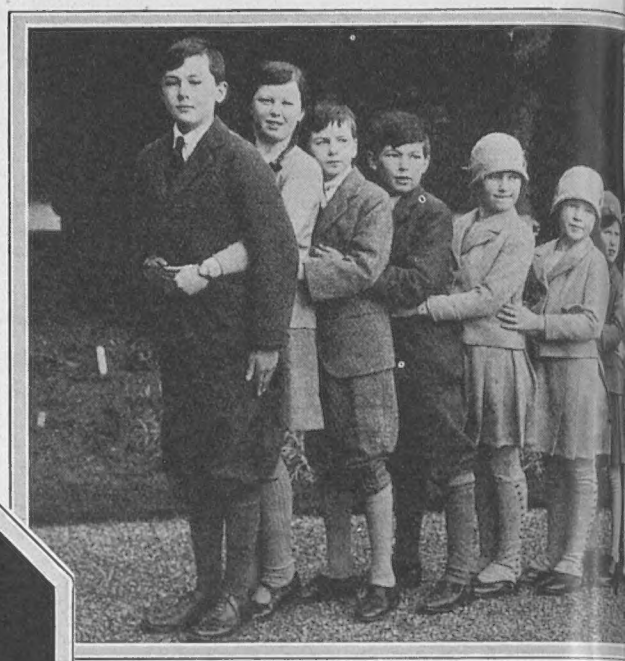
Convenient Landing Grounds

IF you are a private owner, either of a landplane, a seaplane, or an amphibian, the South of France is but a day's journey from London. There is a landing ground on the coast at Nice, between the racecourse and the town. St. Raphael and La Californie have aerodromes, and there are one or two other places that have been used by pilots on long-distance flights, but, generally speaking, the Riviera offers her greatest attraction to the seaplane owner. All the way from Marseilles to Monte Carlo there are bays and sheltered water in the lee of islands or huge cliffs. If the Riviera coast scenery is a delight to motorists, it is even more a thing of beauty from the air, especially when viewed whilst flying a few hundred yards out to sea. Facilities for land machines are not yet fully developed, a point which might have the close attention of municipal authorities of Cannes and Nice, otherwise the Moth owners will spend the winter elsewhere.

A Social Barometer

ONE of the most informative social barometers in London now is a certain restaurant in Jermyn Street, where during luncheon one may soon become aware of just who is and who is not in Town. The other day there was quite a reception being held at one of the tables. At it sat the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, lunching for almost the first time away from her delightful house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, since she sustained a nasty accident to her foot some six weeks ago. The same evening she entertained a large dinner party in Charles Street, among whom were Colonel Hon. George Keppel and Mrs. Keppel. Colonel Keppel told me of a most interesting book he has just written. It is called "Contemporary Dates Between the Thirteenth and Eighteenth Centuries," in which you may read of all the outstanding events that occurred on the same day. Most people will be surprised to hear how industriously he must have been working at his lovely villa above Florence. He seems to be just the sort of person who might advantageously assist Lady Tyrrell,

Mr. Dudley Field Malone, one of the leading American international lawyers, who was in President Wilson's Cabinet, and Miss Edna Louise Johnson, of New York, leaving Princes Row Register Office after their wedding. Mrs. Malone, a very attractive blonde, was formerly on the American stage



HAPPY

The grandchildren of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire Burlington (left), Miss Arbelle Mackintosh, Lord Andrew Carroll Macmillan, David Stuart, Michael Baillie, John dish, John Cobbold

Lenare

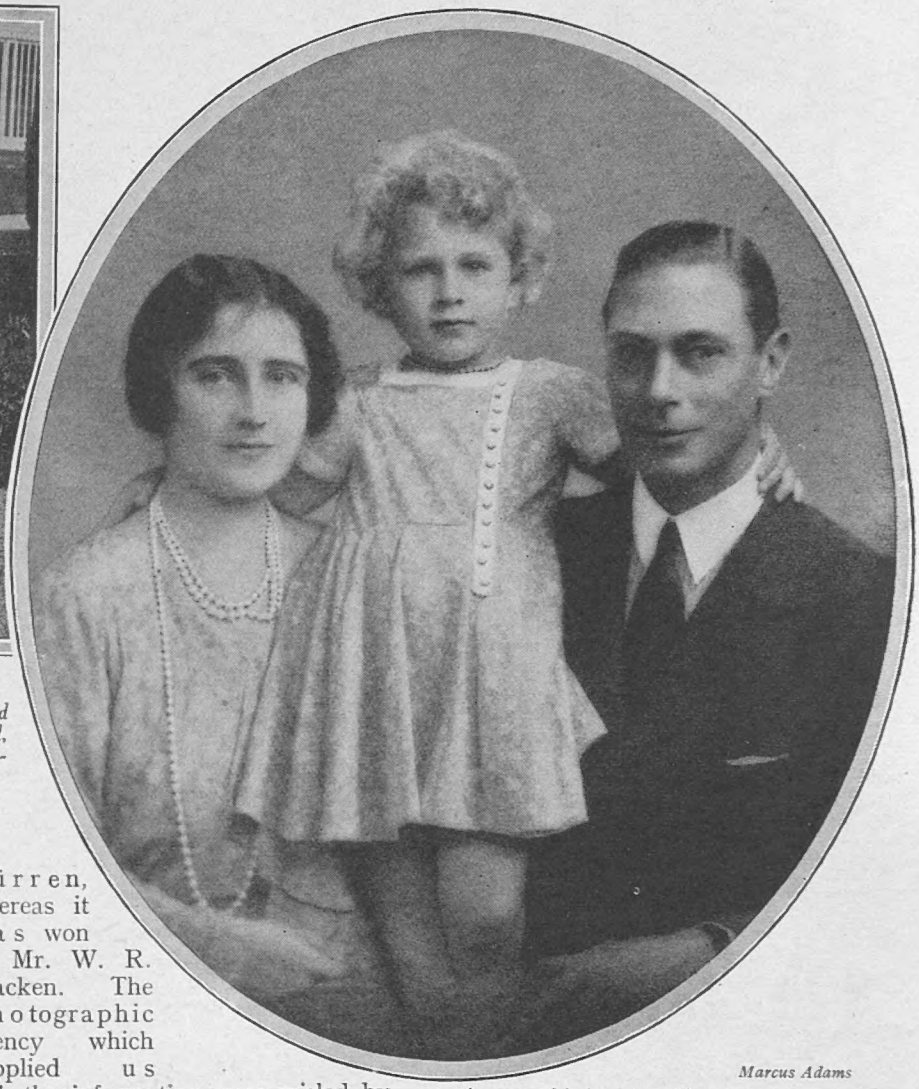
DEAN INGE'S DAUGHTER

Miss Catherine Inge, the only daughter of the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, and Mrs. Inge. Her father's literary activities have brought him very much in the public eye of late years

CELEBRITIES AT HOME AND ABROAD

COUSINS! *T. R. Board*

photographed at the Duke's seat, Chatsworth. They are: Lord Cavendish, Maurice Macmillan, Pamela Cobbold, Jean Cobbold, Stuart, Judith Baillie, Catharine Macmillan, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, Lady Anne Cavendish, Peter Baillie



Marcus Adams

A new and hitherto unpublished picture of the little Princess Elizabeth with her father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of York. She bears a striking resemblance to her aunt, Princess Mary, when the latter was a little girl

the wife of our Ambassador in Paris, in her prodigious outline of the world's history, of which she hopes to complete some seven—or is it fourteen?—volumes.

Ski-ing at Murren

WE published in our issue of January 22 a photograph of Mr. C. E. W. Mackintosh above a caption to the effect that he won the British Ski-ing Championship at Mürren, whereas it was won by Mr. W. R. Bracken. The photographic agency which supplied us with the information were misled by an inaccurate report in a daily paper.

IN THE BAHAMAS

A photograph of Lord and Lady Willingdon taken, during their official visit, at the Fort Montagu Beach Hotel, Nassau. The group shows, seated: Capt. Miefield (left), Lady Willingdon, Sir Charles Orr, K.C.M.G., Governor of the Bahamas, Lord Willingdon, the Hon. Mrs. Chas. Dundas, the Hon. Chas. Dundas, O.B.E.; standing, Capt. Fiennes (left), Capt. S. Y. Symons, M.C., and Capt. Streatfield

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

SANS BLAGUE has been a consistent performer, and should be supported with every confidence for future races. Finished fifth in the Mansfield Steeplechase (three miles) at Nottingham; was well backed. At Newbury in December was third to Newsboy and Cloringo.

FESTUM, well ridden by H. Graves made a gallant but unsuccessful effort to overhaul Colenso (a winner for us). Was confidently supported in the Ring. Previously was unplaced to West Indies at Hurst Park.

EASY VIRTUE was favourably placed when falling at the last hurdle in the Mole Handicap Steeplechase at Sandown Park. His supporters were never comfortable. Has been quietly supported to win the Grand National. Following him closely for signs of improvement; a fine jumper, but appeared to be short of a few gallops.

GLEESOME. Sir F. Freake's promising mare by Gay Crusader was leading two hurdles from home in the Annersley Hurdles (two miles) at Nottingham, but could not successfully resist the challenge of Baron John. Losses should be regained in the near future.

TIDENHAM was well backed at 6 to 1 to win a two miles Hurdle Race at Nottingham. Finished second to Spring Blossom. Showed good form towards the close of the season last year.

MERRIVALE II beat some good 'chasers in the Nottingham Handicap Steeplechase (three miles and a half) when finishing second to Don Sancho. He carried some big wagers. Was third over three miles at Derby.

AROUND THE

By Our Own Correspondent

By Helen McKie

A picturesque corner of the Côte d'Azur well known to many visitors. Sketched from the Hotel Mirabeau, at Monte Carlo, it shows a part of the hill-girt bay in the background

THE Season on the Riviera is now at its height, and in the accompanying article our Own Correspondent describes many of the social and sporting events which are as thick as autumn leaves in Vallambrosa, and the well-known people who are participating in them. The Côte d'Azur is still the playground of Europe, and there is no lack of players again this year

QUITE one of the most popular events of recent days was the great International Motor Rally, which ended at Monte Carlo. The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, the first woman driver to arrive, received a great ovation, and she fully deserved it, for it was only her indomitable courage that brought her from Lapland to Monte at such a splendid average speed that she was the first British entrant to reach the end of the run, in which she covered over two thousand miles. On the way to Sundsvall, from which place she started, her car, skidding on an icy road, finally crashed over the side in the forest, falling on the rocks below. Two wheels were broken, the axle-shaft and steering were bent, the petrol tank, running boards, and wings were also broken, and the chassis cross-member bent.

AFTER great trouble the car was extricated and towed to the nearest town, twenty-five miles away, and repaired just in time. It is a remarkable tribute to the fine qualities of the Hillman Straight Eight that, despite its crash, it ran faultlessly throughout the entire run. Among other British competitors to arrive were Lord de Clifford, Capt. J. E. D. Howey, Capt. St. Clair Bolton, and Colonel P. T. Etherton.

THIS week's weather has been so perfect that at Cannes there are quite a large number of bathers every morning, while many people, who do no more than take a very "quick dip" in the sea, put on bathing clothes and enjoyed a sun bath on the warm sands. Miss Norman, Sir Harry Norman's pretty daughter, bathes from the Château de la Garupe, at Antibes, nearly every day, while Sir Harry Brittain and his family, and Fräulein Aussem, the German lawn tennis star, are often to be seen on the Cannes plages. Lady Salmond is yet another person who enjoys the bathing, and there are often such a large crowd on the Plage du Midi in the mornings that the place looks quite like the summer season!

ONE of the most popular innovations this year at Cannes is the new "Monday Night Club," a very select affair numbering only about fifty members. Its object is to provide really good bridge for the people who prefer it to "chemmy," or baccarat, and through the kindness of M. André there is now an extremely chic salle privée set aside for the bridge players, who make their way there after dining in the Ambassadeurs Restaurant, and spend a happy evening at their favourite game. Sir Stuart and Lady Coats are members, also M. and Mme. Vagliano, Sir Alan and Lady Johnstone, Admiral Sir Wester Wemyss, Lord Queenborough, and Sir Arthur Crosfield (who have some tremendous contests together), Captain and Mrs. Barrington White, Princess Ghika, Prince Poniatowski, and many more. The whole atmosphere of the club is very intime, and it seems to bring back the old times in Cannes more than anything else has done of late.

Night-time in Monte Carlo does not mean darkness unrelieved. Above are seen the Casino and gardens, which take on a new charm under the effective lighting which was recently installed

IT does not in any way, however, seem to deplete the number to be seen in the baccarat rooms. The crowd, as usual, is thickest round the big baccarat table, where the punters have not been doing quite so well these last few days, as M. Zographos has been raking in a great harvest of giant red and blue plaques,

RIVIERA

which it is hard to realise each represents very nearly two hundred pounds.

THE ex-King of Portugal had one very lucky run against the bank, I noticed (he usually plays "chemmy" at one of the big tables, but this afternoon he was playing baccarat), but in the end the Greek syndicate had a very successful afternoon.

The Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, Lady Wavertree, Lord Charles Hope, Captain Larking, Mr. and Mrs. Nick Prinsep (who have been to Venice and are back again in Cannes once more), were all playing "chemmy," and I saw, as usual, many groups of golf and polo enthusiasts busily discussing the day's play.

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce at the wheel of the Hillman Straight Eight in which, despite heavy odds, she was the first British entrant to reach the finishing point in the Monte Carlo Rally. She is being congratulated by Sir Charles Mandleberg on her arrival

LORD DERBY has been playing a good deal of golf up at Mougins, where Sir Stuart Coats and Sir Arthur Crosfield are often to be found. Mr. "Gillie" Elliott is another very fine player, while the Aga Khan and his bride (who have just returned to Antibes) are also members.

After a long evening at the Cannes tables one becomes more and more inclined to drop into Brummell's for a little refreshment, and I found a very cheery crowd one night, including the Grahame-Whites and the Prinseps, who were having a sort of impromptu cabaret show, which was most entertaining.

AT polo the "Mandelieu" team easily beat the "Esterel," and then went on to beat the "Cannes" team in the final of the Prix du Cercle Nautique. Major Phillip Magor played extremely well (as he always does) for the winners, while, after the match, the prizes were presented by the Marquise de Meyronnet de St. Marc. There are, as usual, a good number of newcomers, amongst them Constance Duchess of Westminster, who has motored down to Cannes to stay with her sister Princess Pless at her lovely villa at Napoule. The Princess herself has not been here very long, as she has quite recently been in Spain, with her younger son Lexel.

MADAME HERIOT is one of the people who arrive for the Regattas, while I hear now that the King and Queen of Denmark will be here earlier than they were expected. Mrs. "Bengy" Guinness, with her daughter, Miss Tanis Guinness, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Joël Guinness, have just disembarked from the Saturnalia at

Three of the British entrants, Major Lestock-Reid, Mr. Wild, and Colonel P. T. Etherton, photographed at the conclusion of their run in the Monte Carlo Rally. The car by which they are standing is a Vauxhall

Cannes after a stay of several months in New York, and are now settled down in their big Mougins villa, where they always entertain a good deal and give some excellent parties.

MOUGINS Golf Club is a great social rendezvous just now, particularly at the luncheon hour, as the Provençal clubhouse not only looks perfectly delightful, but the cuisine is absolutely unequalled, consequently many people motor out to lunch there even if they are not golfers themselves, and it is also a great place for luncheon parties. One very large one was later given by Sir Arthur Crosfield, who seemed to have invited all the notabilities in Cannes, plus some of the leading lawn tennis "stars," "Bill" Tilden, Fräulein Aussem, Brugnon, Gerbault, Miss Ridley, and Mrs. Satterthwaite among others.

Ernest

A view of the seventh green on the course of the Nice Golf Club, at Cagnes-sur-Mer, where "The Bystander" Mixed Foursome Competition takes place this week for the cups presented by this paper

I SAW quite a number of new faces in the Sporting ing Club, amongst them Lady Smiley (who is staying at Roquebrune), Sir Robert McAlpine, Mrs. McComber (who is just back from St. Moritz), the Harry Politts (who are on board Sir Harry Livesey's lovely yacht, the Jeannette), and Mrs. Redmond McGrath (in an extremely pretty black tulle frock).

LITTLE Mlle. Nikitina paid a lightning visit of one day to Monte Carlo to see her brother Vladimir, and arrived with the most enchanting pair of prize white Maltese puppies, which wore saxe blue leads to match their mistress's blue frock. This famous little dancer wears the most wonderful clothes and furs, and seems as if she were made of quicksilver. She is off now to London to rehearse for Mr. Cochran's new show, and we are all disappointed that we shall have no chance of seeing her as usual in the Russian Ballet.

Mlle. Nikitina, the famous star of the Russian Ballet. She is seen with her brother in the grounds of the Country Club, at Monte Carlo

THE Duke of Westminster, who has been in Venice, is expected in the harbour to-morrow with his yacht the Flying Cloud, and will be here for a couple of days only.

There is an excellent new bridge club now in Monte Carlo, with Sir Yarworth Jones as president, which seems very popular. The Aga Khan and his wife, I hear, are members, and there are always a good many people playing in the afternoons.

I HEAR Sir John and Lady Ward are coming to their villa, "Rosemary," at Cap Ferrat this week. The Balsans have gone to Egypt, but I saw Mr. Somerset Maugham and Mr. Michael Arlen together a day or two ago. Now Mr. Arlen has gone back to Paris, I hear.

The Dowager Lady Glentanar is in her villa at Villefranche Bay, and I am glad to hear that her pretty granddaughter, Lady Anne Wellesley, is very well now, and is coming out to stay with her quite soon.

THERE was a big Grand Prix dinner at Nice at the Ruhl Hotel, where I saw a whole crowd of racing celebrities, amongst them M. Viel Picard, whose Le Bouif had carried off the 500,000 frs. prize in the "Grand Prix."

One interesting fact which I learnt at the close of the Nice racing session was that the Pari Mutuel had taken 200,000 francs more than last year, which speaks well for the success of the season. This Sunday the racing starts at Cannes, so that if we have anything like the lovely weather we have had lately I think there will be a really first-class display of lovely frocks to be seen in the paddock at Mandelieu.

THERE is a great swimming and diving competition held at the Plage du Midi which, I expect, will attract a lot of people. M. Van Dongen, the famous artist, is helping to arrange it, and in the evening there will be a big gala at the Ambassadeurs. By the way, the last "Gala des Poincettias" was really rather wonderful, and the masses of scarlet flowers lovely.

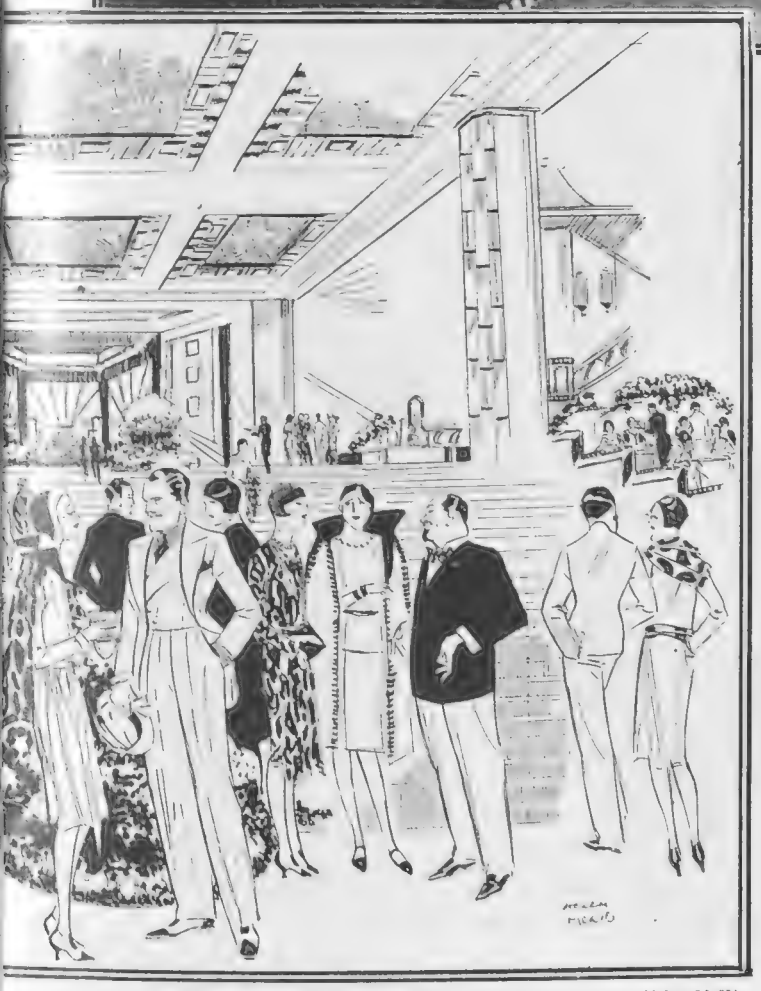
An impression by Miss Helen McKie of the vestibule of M... taking place.

Ernest

(On left) A corner of the picturesque first green on the Cagnés golf course. "The Bystander" Mixed Foursome Competition which takes place here this week is a very popular event, as is proved by the number of entries

Sport and General

A general view of the central avenue of the New Courts Club at Cannes during a tournament. Cannes holds four tournaments during the season, the other three being held at the Cannes Club, the Gallia and the Métropole



By Helen McKie

Jay Gould's palatial casino, Le Palais de la Mediterranée, at Nice, where gambling is now magnificent marble staircase is the widest in the world

Keystone View

Mr. and Mrs. Pollack introduce their Alsatian to the photographer. They are seen on the steps of "Il Paradiso," their charming villa at Cannes

AT THE PLAY

EASTERN DOPE AND ENGLISH

Sketches of "The Man in Possession," at the Ambassadors Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

"The Way Out," at the Comedy Theatre

THE hero of *The Way Out*, produced at the Comedy Theatre, is a character who, I believe, is well known to readers of "Sapper's" works. His name is Jim Strickland, and he is one of the best boys in our Secret Service, a fellow supposedly full of infinite resource and sagacity, who can checkmate celestial wiles when used in an attempt to overthrow our mighty Empire in its far-flung outposts. Ta-ran-ta-ra. Ta-ran-ta-ra!

I HAD an impression — which "Sapper" has not dispelled— that secret service agents should live a cloistered life and on no account have anything to do with the opposite sex, but in *The Way Out* the first thing he does is to suggest an elopement with Billie Cartwright, the wife of an English officer with a penchant for ragging and drink which almost causes him to be cashiered from the Army. This act of stupidity—which comes to naught—takes place at the Cartwright's house at Aldershot, and then two years elapse, and we find ourselves on the Island of Tonsan amongst criminal and cunning Chinese.

NEWS arrives that Strickland, engaged on secret service work, has been captured and eaten to death by ants, and, in consequence, Mrs. Cartwright has a shrieking fit, a form of hysteria, oft repeated before the evening ends, to the huge delight of an audience which always regards these phenomena as the highest form of acting.

BUT, of course, ants haven't eaten Strickland, and shortly afterwards he arrives at the Cartwright's bungalow in a disguise which begins and ends with shabby native clothes! Like the clever secret service agent he is, Strickland immediately reveals his identity to Mrs. Cartwright, even though he should know that the bungalow is infested with spies! The Chinese villain of the piece, Choo Lung, at once hears of his return—which is not surprising—and tells Tony Cartwright (whom Choo Lung has got in his grip) that his wife is concealing her lover in the house, and that a little poison in a proffered whisky and soda would be a delightful drink for his guest.

LIKE the clever secret service agent he is Strickland gulps down the drink, which was merely drugged, and the inanimate form is removed to Choo Lung's house, where the third act takes place. It is hardly worth while continuing to recount the further improbabilities or the method by which release is secured or a happy ending achieved. Suffice it to say that finally Choo Lung shoots both himself and Cartwright—who was also a villain—and that we are introduced in this scene to an English governor who appears to be even more of a congenital idiot than Strickland himself.

The ex-convict (Raymond Massey) gets a job as a broker's a lady with a past, present and future—acts as a footman

"THE MAN IN POSSESSION," AT THE AMBASSADORS

Mrs. Dabney (Alex Frizell) and Mr. Dabney (Paul Gill), parents of an ex-convict, discuss their son's future and their own

NOTHING that Ian Hunter did in the part of Jim Strickland could tone down the imbecility of the hero, but Edgar Norfolk as the weak-minded husband contrived by some miraculous means to give this puppet some life. C. V. France, too, as the villainous

SPIRITS By Vernon Woodhouse

"chink" was both properly vile and "chinkey." Henrietta Watson played a commonplace matron's part with conviction, and Beatrix Thompson shrieked in the right places with unfailing effect. I can confidently recommend the way out at the Comedy Theatre.

"Through the Veil," at the Duchess Theatre

THIS new theatre has not had much luck since it opened, and I am afraid that *Through the Veil*, a psychic drama, by Cecil Madden and X. Y. Stone, is hardly likely to change it. I am sure that the intentions of the authors were excellent—if somewhat muddled—but their knowledge of stagecraft is so extremely limited that they were quite unable to do justice to a theme which deserved more adroit handling.

FRANKLY, I am in doubt as to whether this play is supposed to boost spiritualism or to damn it. On the whole I incline to the latter view, but what is made absolutely clear is the danger to a Church of England parson, who hates spiritualism, marrying a woman with psychic powers who is always anxious and willing to use them. And I do not think three acts are necessary to prove anything quite so obvious.

THE company did their best to give an air of verisimilitude to this bald and unpretentious narrative, but theirs was a hard task. C. M. Hallard was as earnest as could be as the parson who married the medium; Helen Haye, as a familiar stage aunt, played with authority. The professional medium—not of the female Sludge variety—was well acted by Ailsa Grahame; and a young actress, Margaret Delamere, whom I do not remember seeing previously, played the daughter, also psychic, who comes to a messy end, with considerable power. In addition to a good stage presence, this actress possesses brains, and I hope to see her again in happier circumstances.

Mr. McAlister (Stafford Hilliard) and Raymond Dabney (Raymond Massey) arrive at the house of Crystal Wetherby and serve a writ with the utmost urbanity

nan, and at the house of Crystal Wetherby (Isabel Jeans)— as well as a lady's maid, before becoming the lady's husband

THERE were several plays last week which will have to be dealt with later on, and a criticism of *Nine Till Six*, which, after being produced at the Arts Theatre, was acquired by Mrs. C. B. Cochran, and staged last Wednesday at the Apollo, will appear next week. Meanwhile let me record the fact that Sir Arthur Pinero's delightful farce, *Dandy Dick*, has been revived at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, almost exactly forty-three years after it was first produced at the old Court Theatre. How many modern farces possess such vitality? V. W.

Wit and Wisdom

from "The Man in Possession"

"Mayfair covers a multitude of sins."

"She moves in the best society."

"Where did you meet her? Buckingham Palace or the Embassy?"

"Dabney's the man for my money, at least, I'm the woman for his."

"What's the cocktail called?"

"The Maiden's Prayer. 'Say when,' you know."

"It doesn't matter where you live, but it matters like hell who's there!"

"The poorer the job, the better your character has to be."

"You'd be surprised if you knew how many things a damned good education unfits you for."

"There are two things you can make money out of: men's insides, and women's outsides."

"I knew all the journeys of St. Paul by heart. Curious that they should have so little practical value in modern life."

FOUR BRITISH OPERA STARS

Marjorie Parry as Eva in "The Mastersingers"

Francis Russell as Turiddu in "Cavalleria Rusticana"

Philip Bertram as Pogner in "The Mastersingers"

Doris Lemon as Musetta in "La Bohème"

Above are seen four of the leading members of the newly formed Covent Garden Opera Company, which started its second tour on January 20. Among the important places to be visited are Wolverhampton, Blackpool, Bradford, Southampton and Birmingham

COLLINSON OWEN writes on AN AFFAIR in the TOMBS PRISON

Planet News

Mr. Grover A. Whalen, late of Wanamaker's store, is the New York Police Commissioner. He is a great figure in the city and used to be known as "Mayor Walker's official Handshaker"

IT was on a bitterly cold day in January that I went into the Tombs Prison in New York (for a few hours only). So cold that as the big door opening directly from the street closed behind me it felt pleasant to be in jail.

Anybody, I think, would experience something of a thrill on the occasion of such a visit. If there ever was a clearing house of crooks, the Tombs is it. Which does not mean, of course, that all the crooks of New York find their way there in time. An Arnold Rothstein, for instance, can live a lifetime of extreme crookedness on Broadway without ever getting there, and there are many like him. The bigger you are the safer—from the law. What lawlessness may do to you is another matter. Rothstein "got his" at the Park Central Hotel in December, 1928.

BEFORE going to the prison I had passed by police headquarters. There I had talked for half an hour with a very pleasant, famous District Attorney. In my innocence I mentioned "graft" in connection with crime. And, looking me frankly in the eyes, this famous District Attorney said, "In all my thirty years' experience I have never known any criminal case to be subject to the influence of corruption of any kind!"

From him I had passed into the office of Mr. Grover Whalen, the new Police Commissioner. Mr. Whalen is a great figure in New York, and rightly. For one thing, he is sartorially perfect. All that Europe has achieved in elegance Mr. Whalen exemplifies in his person. New York may smile at Europe, but it cherishes Mr. Whalen. It is doubtless due to him that America nowadays even looks with a kind eye on spats, after having for years regarded them as an outstanding example of what is least commendable in English life.

For some years Mr. Whalen fulfilled an important dual rôle. At Wanamaker's great store he occupied an executive position worth £10,000 a year. But there was a much more important facet to his existence. Whenever there was an important celebrity to be welcomed at City Hall, there was Mr. Grover Whalen in charge of everything. Queen Marie of Roumania—everybody—did not know whether to be more impressed by the first view of Lower Broadway's skyscrapers or by Mr. Whalen's urbanity. New York knew him as "Mayor Walker's official handshaker."

AFTER the shooting of Rothstein there came not a handshake, but a shake-up. Mayor Walker decided that the police department must be reorganised. It was just as good as an arrest, and even more spectacular. Mr. Whalen, leaving Wanamaker's and the wonderful ceremonies at the City Hall, became New York's police chief. He was, we might say, the local Byng boy. But with what a different job to tackle!

His shake-up was—apparently—terrific. A dozen or so of New York's 25,000 speakeasies were raided—or smashed up—nightly. Crooks were rounded up by the hundred, "put through it"—and turned loose again. Mr. Whalen announced that he would have the city pure in no time. The newspapers without exception winked both eyes.

It was in the middle of this shake-up that I met Mr. Whalen. It seemed impossible that one so charming should have to deal with such terrible people. And if ever he comes to London Scotland Yard should give him a banquet, because his department deals with more terrifying ruffians in a fortnight than Scotland Yard meets in thirty years.

From him I passed on to the Tombs. And there I met the warden—as we should say, governor—who was just as amiable as Mr. Whalen himself, though, of course, not such a man of the world.

HE told me that he had wished to retire, but that—his predecessor having been shot—he had been practically commanded to take on the job. He mentioned that all sorts of busybodies came to the Tombs, wanting to see the inmates (phrenologists and their pupils among them), but that he turned them all away. But for a serious visitor, as he was pleased to regard me—because I wrote for London newspapers—he showed that he could not do enough.

So it was that in a little while I found myself walking round the old-fashioned and forbidding building with one of the gaolers. There are seven tiers or floors in the Tombs. About four floors up my guide unlocked the door of the massive steel grille guarding one of these tiers, and we stepped into the heart of New York's crookdom.

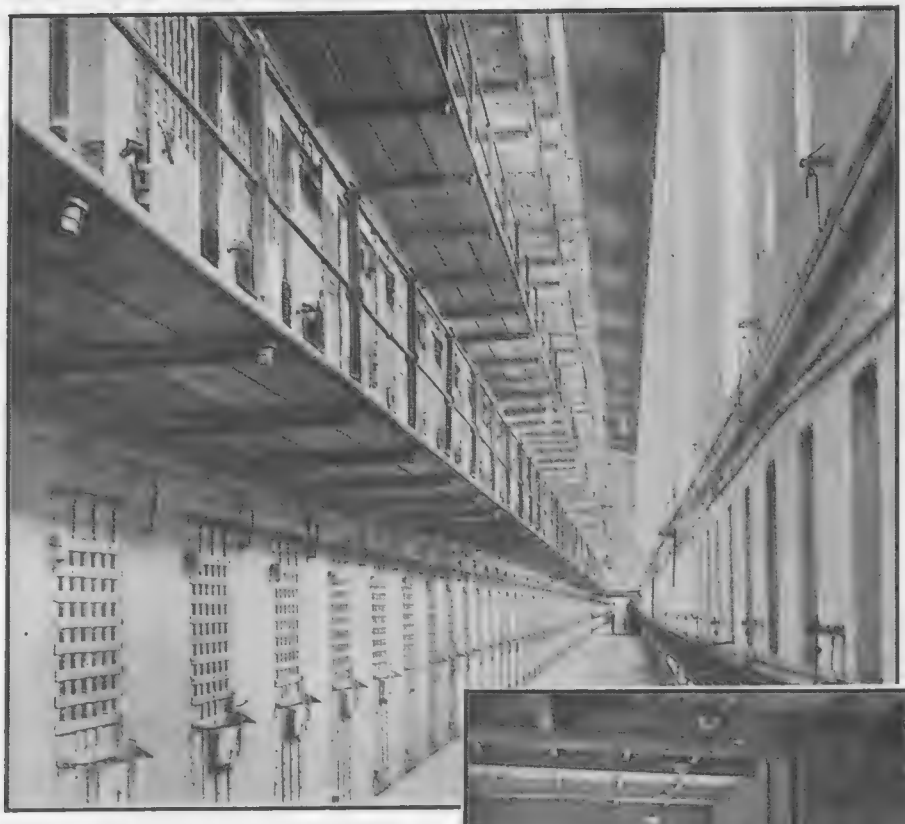
Every cell door of the central block was open. It was the hour just after the midday meal, and all the prisoners were walking about their own tier. Thus I found myself mingling intimately with some seventy or eighty choice examples of the American underworld.

MY guide was not armed. It is a rule of the prison that

Keystone View

A view of the exterior of the famous Tombs Prison, New York, right on the street. It serves the purpose of a prison for those awaiting trial in New York City

A BATTLE AT THE "TOMBS"



Herbert Photos

A VIEW OF THE PRISON CELLS AT SING SING

A long passage with tier upon tier of cells rising above it. This ingenious structure allows for ample ventilation and cleanliness of the cells, whilst the grilles afford the warders an easy view of the occupants

whenever a gaoler passes through one of the steel doors he leaves his pistol behind him. The reason is simple. There is nearly always a real "killer"—or several—among the others. An armed gaoler among them would simply be an invitation for him to be surrounded and his "gun" taken, so that a killer would be armed for a desperate shooting-up.

The tour over, I was delivered back to the warden, white-haired and benevolent, in his office near the main door. Opening his roll-top desk he took out two large .45 six-shooters, and told me the story of how he came to be in charge of the Tombs, following on the assassination of his predecessor.

This happened some three or four years ago, and the leader in the affair was a desperado known as Red McKenna. Accomplices outside had arranged for a car to be waiting near the street door on a certain day. In some way revolvers were smuggled in to McKenna and two others. These three all arranged to go down to see the doctor in his room on the ground floor at the same time. Making a dash from that point, they would have only one armed guard at the main door to account for before they were out into the street, into the waiting car, and away.

ALMOST everything went according to plan. The three met at the doctor's room—and made at once for the street door. But, as it happened, the guard at that moment had left it. Thus instead of being confronted with a man whom they would have at once shot, the three "killers" found themselves faced by a locked door.

Baffled, they turned, prepared to shoot a way out through the back of the prison. McKenna rushed at a harmless young man who was waiting to see a prisoner. This individual's life was saved by a very peculiar circumstance. He had a habit of calling everybody "Mac." Thus, as the snarling bandit, looking for victims and escape, thrust the pistol in his face the terrified young man babbled out, "'Tisn't my fault, Mac. I know nothing about it." Red McKenna turned away.

It was at this point that the warden came running out of his office, doubled back for a pistol, was followed, and shot through his own roll-top desk. The three bandits broke through to the back, and the affair ended in a great shoot-up in the small prison yard, with a number of workmen dropping terrified into a drainage trench they were digging, and with hundreds of "stenogs" looking down on the battle from surrounding skyscraper offices.

Step by step I was taken over the scene of this drama, which New York has now forgotten, there having been so many since. And nothing could show more strikingly the difference between the vivacity of American crime and our own than if we tried to imagine this little affair as happening in Brixton Gaol!

C. O.

Herbert Photos

The Prison Theatre in Sing Sing, which can be converted by sliding doors into Catholic or Protestant chapels! The photograph is taken from the stage and shows the auditorium with the two wings which form the places of worship.

Herbert Photos

A HOME FROM HOME!

Luxurious cells for criminals. This cell, one of hundreds at Sing Sing, N.B.—"Bed-Sit., H. & C., Elec. Lt., Wireless. Every Home Com. Free to Tenant"!

BY STARR WOOD

"Don't you feel well, my boy?"
"Yes, but I've done so many good turns this week I've gone giddy!"

THE STAGE AND FASHION

By Blanche B. Elliott

The new two-toned long coats for early Spring wear with brown top and beige underpart. The cravat collar is of soft beaver fur
Specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

IF "all the world's a stage," it is equally true that the stage is a more or less accurate mirror of the world. And while we go to be amused, edified, and lifted out of that which we may have grown a trifle weary — ourselves —it is also a large part of the duty of the stage to please the eye. We all love to see charming people wearing really nice clothes, particularly the feminine portion of them.

YET it is the male part that carries away the honours — on the London stage at least, for the Englishman is invariably well dressed and immaculate. A few like Charles Hawtrey have seized upon it as an occasion to wear a new dressing-gown or a smoking-coat novelty—an item always quickly to be noticed by the Press. But from the feminine angle a first night is often an opportunity missed. It should be seized on as the occasion to show some really new idea in frocks or something stunning in styles In Paris the first night for a well-known actress is an opportunity no one interested in dress *can* possibly miss, and is *the* great occasion to launch a new fashion specially created for an actress chic enough to wear it. Spinelli can generally be counted on to show off something new. Also Mistinguett, the ever young, belongs to this creative class.

NOT the least part of looking forward to the Guitry season is the presence of that charming French actress, Yvonne Printemps, and seeing her exquisite taste in clothes. These are invariably created by Lanvin, and worn with much daintiness and charm. Gertrude Lawrence is easily our smartest actress, and she was beautifully gowned when I last saw her in New York. She is now probably lost to us, having married an American, and lives most of her time in the States. It is often a matter of a London management putting its hands a little deeper into its pockets to pay for some really good designer to gown the leading lady at least. Besides being excellent publicity for both sides, it would be certain to have a direct result on box-office returns from the feminine public, anyway. We *have* good designers, but most of them need encouragement and the right publicity.

MISS ISABEL JEANS, who is now laying claim to being our best-dressed actress, has been wise enough to go for her frocks to the English designer, Norman Hartnell, in the new play at the Ambassadors. She has chosen a chiffon frock in rather a crude pink to show up under the footlights. It is "the only pink a brunette can wear," according to its designer. Personally, I much prefer the original colour of the model, which was a dead purple, rather the shade of the bloom on a grape, with horizontal tucks and short frills, which escaped diagonally at intervals over it and ending in a train. Her second frock or négligé, in pink and blue printed chiffon, has a short coat, the original model having horizontal gatherings instead of the long vertical tucks chosen by Miss Jeans. It was interesting to note that Norman Hartnell is cultivating a more tailored line. He used a British-made double-backed satin to create a particularly striking black gown with an accompanying white coatee, black lined and trimmed with black monkey fur.

TALKING of British materials (as I have done often in these pages), point is given to my many remarks by the position at the moment of Nottingham lace. Lace has been the fashion for some time, yet the Nottingham looms have lain idle. No one has connected fashion and the industry, and they had been supplying heavy laces, curtains, etc., in styles that no one ever uses now. Her Majesty the Queen herself has asked for samples of their work, for lace is and has been more in vogue for dresses than ever. We can, of course, produce the right kind if we try when we realise the importance of being up to date. But how dreadfully late to wait until a tragic situation and unemployment forces us to think of it?

AT his London opening Norman Hartnell chose black and white Bianchini prints for two of his models. One is of black stars of different sizes and designs, some of which sparkled with beads, which he has, incidentally, called "Circus Cissy," just as an interlude, he says, to cheer up the grim business of dress showing, but which, nevertheless, manages to be very alluring. The other is in a leaf design, with a separate little silk coatee with a touch of pink introduced. The latter was an afternoon gown which has the new longer length, but is still well off the ground. But I hope to refer to him again after seeing his showing in Paris. It isn't true, of course, that Bianchini achieves some of his really dazzling designs by throwing ink on paper, then stamping on it! Yet, however weird his patterns, the cachet of his name and the really marvellous quality of silk he uses practically sells anything. So brilliantly bizarre are his patterns that he manages to make ordinary ones look just meaningless and pretty pretty—an effect to avoid at all cost in these days of modern sophistication.

WE are promised much originality in our long coats for early spring. Many will be in two tones of the same colour, the top in the darker shade and the bottom in the lighter. This is done to emphasise the new waistline, which is creeping upwards. Anything, it seems, to prevent the return of the hour-glass figure, which the normal waistline is in danger of producing. Our artist has sketched such a model with a beige underpart and top of brown, with a little bolero-cape attached, and finished with a draped cravat collar of soft beaver fur. These little pelerines and capes will hang from the shoulders of coats and frocks alike to break the somewhat difficult outline of the back. They add a certain grace of movement, for while most becoming to the slender they are still equally wearable for those not so slim.

THE little coats I spoke of some weeks back have achieved an enormous success, and look like being firmly settled for at least another season. They are far too useful to be given up easily, and have quite a new line in their tight-fitting hips with a loose, blousey effect over the waistline at the back. They accompany the afternoon frock, the summer frock (often in a new light tweed), and are inseparable from the evening gown, matching it in material or in direct contrast with a similar lining. For the evening, too, it sports a soft fur collar, and for the day wear it is most often without it. It can at a moment's notice convert a full evening frock into an afternoon one. Its uses are many and its appearance is alluring, so that its popularity is assured.

GLOVES are keeping their prominent place in the order of things, and are of the slip-on variety, possibly because we are generally too rushed and busy to button them properly. They are short slip-on for morning wear, longer for the evening, and quite long or short for evening. The increasing formality of the evening gown has brought back the glove vogue, but the question of matching them with one's frock or keeping them immaculately white, so that a new pair is wanted each time, is an expensive business.

A deliciously youthful little evening frock from Lucile Paray, in rose flowered taffeta on a black ground. The top flounce springs out from below the hips and the lower flounce falls to ankle length. The waist belt marks its normal line and ends in a chou of material

Model Lucile Paray

FILM NOTES

An accident happens—and everyone thinks it is attempted murder. A dramatic moment in "A Cottage on Dartmoor," a British Instructional Film

Admirers of John Barrymore will welcome him in his which is now at the New Gallery. John Barrymore

WINE, WOMEN AND—McLAGLEN

By Lionel Collier

WHEN "Flight" finishes its successful run at the Capitol it will be followed by Victor McLaglen's second talking picture, "Hot for Paris," which to my mind is even better entertainment than "The Cock-Eyed World." The latter was so much of a muchness all through that it began to become wearisome; this one has variety and can be described as a screen musical comedy. There are dancing and songs as well as the broad humour which McLaglen has made particularly his own. He is once again presented as the tough vagabond whose love of women is quite impartial and unbiased—until, of course, he meets the right one. Even then he, and in this case she, do not appear to be likely to live together for very long.

THE vulgarity can be forgiven, because it is also human. It is frank and inclined to be Rabelaisian, which is much better than the sometimes slimy innuendo one has in certain types of American films. I have not quite fathomed why this picture is called "Hot for Paris." Certainly after McLaglen, as the mate of a windjammer, has won the affection of a most fascinating little French girl and also a fortune in a sweepstake, he declares to all assembled that he is "Hot for Paris!" But this only seems another indication that his fidelity is not likely to last long. As a matter of fact, the action takes place at Le Havre, which, according to this picture, must be even more interesting to connoisseurs of beauty than Paris itself.

AS in all productions of this type it is the slickness of action, brightness of dialogue and somewhat risqué humour that counts; story values are negligible. In this case we have the mate of a sailing vessel who lands at Le Havre and is pursued by two elderly men whom he thinks are detectives, but who really want to present him with a large sum of money he has won in a lottery. This allows for plenty of change of scene and also for misunderstandings between the mate and the French girl whom he finds in the course of his pursuit. The musical comedy atmosphere is brought in by the mate singing songs as well as the French girl, unfortunately neither of their voices really entitles them to sing. Lola D'Avril, indeed, can give a glad eye with any screen flirt I have seen, but she should not aspire further. Victor McLaglen has a sense of tone, and that's about all.

DANCING tunes are introduced through the very simple expedient of making Lola D'Avril a danseuse in a café. Further singing and dancing are provided by a wedding feast in a French village. Personally I have never seen a French village like it, but I would certainly like to. Even if it does not convince, a certain amount of conviction is obtained by having French spoken by French people, and no Americanised accents; except, of course, the mate's, who makes a compromise between Yankee and Cockney. This is not McLaglen's picture only. In several scenes the honours are easily stolen by El Brendel, who impersonates a Swede most delightfully and individualistically. Also, there is a portrayal of an excitable Frenchman by Charles Judels, which is a perfect little piece of characterisation in itself. For sheer entertainment and a good laugh

John Barrymore as General Crack, a soldier of fortune who fights for love and loves to fight. "General Crack," a Warner Bros. picture, is at the New Gallery

first talkie, "General Crack," a Warner Bros. picture as General Crack and Armida as Fidelia, his gipsy bride

An amusing scene in Victor McLaglen's new picture, "Hot for Paris," a Fox film

you will find "Hot for Paris" hard to beat.

To turn to more gloomy things, I saw Anthony Asquith's latest picture, "A Cottage on Dartmoor," in which a jealous barber tries to murder his rival for a girl's affection by cutting his throat with a razor while he is shaving him. He fails, goes to Dartmoor, escapes, intent on murdering his rival who has now married the girl and lives on Dartmoor. The pair help him to escape, but he returns to be shot by the warder because his love is so intense. There is a lot of cleverness of detail touches in this silent picture, which has a talkie sequence added to it, but one feels that Asquith is simply trying to be clever without advancing his dramatic construction or making one believe in his story. In fact, the whole thing is very unconvincing and generally very slow. His actors do not so much act as allow themselves to be puppets at the whim of the director's camera angles.

THERE is one sequence at a cinema—this is where the talking part comes in—which if it had not been unduly prolonged would have been most amusing in itself. While an American talkie is proceeding on the screen the effect is reflected in the faces of the audience. Ingenious, but quite out of place in this type of story. It is in effect a burlesque of American talkies, and one is apt to feel rather strongly that until Asquith has achieved something in that line he is hardly entitled to make fun of them.

LAST week I mentioned something about action returning to the screen. Well, there is a very good chance of seeing this progress in a real outdoor and vigorous Western, "The Virginian," which is now running at the Plaza. Victor Fleming has got real dramatic value into a story of pioneering days which has as a theme the spirit of the times as well as their ideals. Exterior recording is extremely good This is Gary Cooper's first talkie. While he could ride and had personality he was not a noticeably good actor in silent features. Now that he talks he has improved greatly. This, I think, points to the fact that the art of the silent artist is a good deal more difficult than that of the articulate one.

I HAD meant to say something about Moran and Mack's first picture, "Why Bring That Up," due at the Plaza some time this month, but have had to postpone it till next week.

L. C.

Victor McLaglen and his friends all looking very happy in "Hot for Paris," a Fox film which will be seen shortly at the Capitol

if gossip we must

IT is announced that Princess Ileana of Roumania is engaged to Count Hochberg, and, according to Reuter, Queen Marie is to be approached with a view to giving her consent. No doubt it is a matter of supreme indifference to the Princess whether or no I weigh in with my congratulations, but the fact remains that for the moment I am not going to offer them. You see, they are quite likely to be out of place, for Her Royal Highness has been engaged, or has been stated to be engaged or about to be engaged, to rather more people than any royal personage in the world's history, or, for that matter, any non-royal personage. She is extremely pretty, and this is, I suppose, one of the penalties.

LIKE the Mikado, "I've got a little list," and here are the Princess's engagements up to date. If it is incomplete I must apologise, but it should do to be going on with. I find that she has been reported as about to marry:—

(1) King Boris of Bulgaria (1925).

(2) Prince Amadeo Umberto, cousin of the King of Italy (1925).

(3) Lieut. William J. Glasgow, of the U.S. Army (1926).

(4) The Crown Prince of Italy (1926).

(5) A former aide-de-camp of her father (1927).

(6) Prince Alfonse Bourbon, nephew of the King of Spain (1928).

(7) A German prince (unnamed) (1929).

(8) The Prince of the Asturias (1929).

Janet Jevons

Miss Margery Binner, who is playing the part of Sheba Jedd at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, in the revival of Sir Arthur Pinero's famous racing farce, "Dandy Dick," which started on January 27. It was first produced at the Court Theatre on the same day forty-three years ago

THE GENTLE VICEROY

Much of the recent trouble in India has been attributed to Lord Irwin's weakness in handling the native extremists.

NO Viceroy who is worth his salt
Would ever put himself in fault
By acting in the sort of way
That's liable to cause dismay
To those who find sedition is
A paying and successful biz.
Harsh words might deeply wound a few,
And that would never, never do!

Successful Viceroys should impress
The natives by their gentleness
And turn a mild and loving eye
On agitators when they try
To stir up strife by talking large
And loud against the British Raj.
"Boys will be boys," they should explain,
"But nice ones never wreck a train."

When trouble on the largest scale
Is threatening they should not fail
To make an effort really great
The native firebrands to placate,
But if things are in parlous plight
It's then they show their strength and might,
They lift their finger and they hum,
"Tweet-tweet! Shush, Shush! Now, now!
Come, come!"

B. W.

HE: "What is there to do now?"
SHE: "Grow sage!"

Janet Jevons

Herbert Marshall and his wife, Miss Edna Best, who are playing together in A. A. Milne's new play, "Michael and Mary." It was produced at the St. James's Theatre last month

THERE were tremendous doings at the Royal Agricultural Hall about 1 a.m. recently, when the Showmen's Guild and the bigwigs of the circus world fed and danced. Mr. George Lansbury popped over and, of course, made a speech. Since he was a guest it was only right and polite that he should say nice things about circuses, but he managed to mix some political blather with it all. "The only type of entertainment that is good," said Honest George, "is the type of entertainment the common people like. That is the real test. If the common people like something it is good, and if they do not like it, it is not good." Thus in a few sentences would a Labour Cabinet Minister wipe out the great plays of the world, which the common people (the phrase is his, not mine) most emphatically do *not* like. I would recommend Comrade Lansbury when he next feels like making a speech to pull himself up short and instead read *An Enemy of the People,* by one Ibsen. There he would find some startling truths about the tyrannies and stupidities of large majorities.

IN one point, however, I find myself in agreement with the speaker. "I like broad-faced people," he said, "not long-faced people. The latter may be necessary, but no nation has ever been built up great on misery." That is profoundly true, and if Mr. Lansbury, who is sincere even when he is mistaken, can induce the Government of which he is a member to practise what he preaches, so much the better. But I venture to predict that under their regime misery will increase—not the largely unavoidable misery due to economic reasons, but the silly, unnecessary misery brought about by liberty-destroying legislation and other forms of over-governing.

By Baird

that I've sown my wild oats?"

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Isabel Jeans, who is appearing in H. M. Harwood's witty new play, "The Man in Possession," at the Ambassadors. She plays the part of Crystal Wetherby

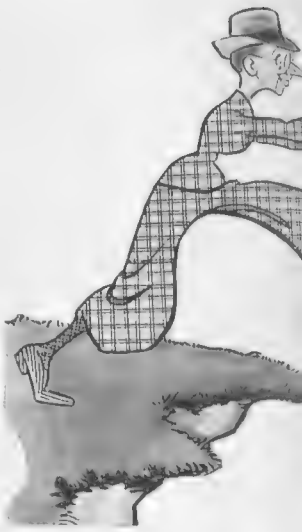
A NEW CABARET "FIND"

Do you know circus-folk—behind the scenes, I mean? They are the jolliest souls imaginable. Supper for them is no unsatisfactory series of snacks such as I have known served in West End restaurants. In the small hours at Islington four hundred men and women, including those definitely labelled as freaks, consumed hors-d'œuvre, soup, fish, lamb, turkey, sweets, ices, cheese, and fruit—all of it excellent—and then danced until breakfast-time. It was indeed "Merrie Islington." And among the merriest of all was a genial soul whom I asked about his particular "line" in the circus world. "Me?" he said with a peal of happy laughter, "I'm in charge of 'The Whirl of Death'!"

A VERITABLE "whirl of life," however, was another supper and ball I attended (we have been very gay of late) of a somewhat different type. This was given by the Stage Golfing Society and was a peculiarly unrestful way of spending a Sunday evening. There were no speeches, but plenty of everything else and Frank Boon, "the Vesta Tilley of the managers," to lend immaculate dignity to it all. I have come to the conclusion that actors and actresses are the only golfers who are not dull about their golf, and that Ernest Graham, about whose golf I know nothing, is the best organiser I know. Separate tables on these occasions take a deal of working out, if present wives and ex-wives, present husbands and ex-husbands, are not mixed up in embarrassing fashion. More than one such foursome could have been arranged for supper, but, providentially, they were not.

THE Trocadero Restaurant is to be congratulated on certainly two things. One is a most remarkably good dinner for 7*s.* 6*d.* in the restaurant, and the other is its discovery of Esmé McLean, called "Esmé, the Chocolate Girl." You will find her delighted to sell you chocolates behind her counter in the foyer of the Trocadero any evening; when the Cabaret starts, wearing the same frock and without any make-up, she appears on the stage and asks if she may entertain you ladies and gentlemen with a song or two. The other night she sang "Fairy Tales of Ireland," and as an encore "Deep in My Heart," from *The Student Prince*. Let me say that Esmé has a natural and very charming voice, and, in fact, is being professionally trained. She also acts as commère or announcer of the different turns of the Cabaret, all very informally and so charmingly that I certainly envied Mr. Norman Long when, having been announced, he met her as she was about to retire and gave her a hearty kiss.

MESSRS. LYONS are to be heartily congratulated on their vision, whereby they seek their own talent when possible. Esmé, the Chocolate Seller, is one; Maurice, the head waiter at the Trocadero, who sings the most amusing ditties and then serves the next course, is another. The Trocadero Restaurant is certainly the place to spend an evening, although I think it would be an



Raphael

You will find Esmé from 6 to 9 p.m. selling chocolates in the foyer of the Trocadero Restaurant. She then sings two charmings songs in the Cabaret and acts as commère or announcer. Esmé brings an air of intimacy into the Trocadero Cabaret, and Messrs. Lyons are to be congratulated on their home talent, for she should make a big reputation as a singer

By Frank Whitburn

SCRATCH PLAYER (*to "rabbit" who has been trying to excuse his performance by complaining of everything*): "The *fairways* are bad? My *dear* sir—how can you possibly know *what* they're like until you've been on one?"

LONDON'S TAXI TROUBLES

By Norman Kay

LOVE IS BLIND

advantage if they would arrange for dancing.

SOME restaurants are known for dinner and others for supper. Sovrani's, in Jermyn Street, is particularly the rendezvous of the gourmet. I dropped in the other evening for what might be called either a late dinner or an early supper, and found it quite full of well-known people. Among others I observed there were: Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Herbert Scott, Lord Salisbury, Lord Harrington, Major G. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Baillie Hamilton, Mr. Philip Guedalla, Lady Castlerosse, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Lord and Lady Alington, Sir Harold and Lady Bowden, and Lady Cynthia Mosley, the Labour M.P.

By Field Smith

Regular Customer (*to bookstall clerk*): "Here boy!—you've given me a yesterday's Edgar Wallace!"

COMMENDATORE SOVRANI is not only an hôtelier, but also in a sense a minor diplomat, for he is Vice-Consul of the little Republic of San Moreno, the smallest sovereign State maybe, but still independent, and he is also Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur. I am glad to see that the highest-class restaurants in London are doing well, despite the general complaint of lack of money. After all, one must eat, and a well-served dinner at Sovrani's or Quaglino's, or any other first-class restaurant, run by its own patron, fortifies the inner man against the worries of this mortal life, does not it?

I HAVE received some eulogistic correspondence by by reason of my remarks last week about lights in taxis. More might be added concerning the amenities, or the lack of them, in these most expensive vehicles. Doors, for instance, might be made which would open without being either kicked or charged as by the centre-forward of the winning side of a Cup-tie final. But the question of finance is the most important one by far. Paris taxis do a (literally) roaring trade, largely because they are cheap—except after midnight for the Anglo-Saxon Montmartre reveller—and because purely nominal tips are usually accepted with equanimity.

Francis C. Fuerst

Miss Elizabeth Simon, the Hungarian beauty queen, who won the title of "Miss Europa," photographed with her husband, Dr. Brammer, of Budapest. They are seen in the Hôtel Danieli, at Venice, where they honeymoon

Lenare

Miss Penelope Spencer, the clever dancer who took part in the Golden Fleece Ball, which was held at the home of Lady Stavridi in Lennox Gardens, on January 28. The entertainment was in aid of the Eye Clinic established in Athens by the Save the Children's Fund. The attractions included a Greek frieze tableau, a Greek supper, a Greek cabaret, and the Delphic Oracle which prophesied the futur

FLASHES FROM THE PAST

A. P. Garland Takes Liberties with QUEEN ELIZABETH and DUDLEY

(*The curtain rises to disclose Queen Elizabeth seated in a chair. She is robed in gorgeous clothes and wears a bright red wig. Some distance away, a young man, in Tudor attire, is standing in a rapt attitude, with his right hand held before his eyes.*

ELIZABETH: What ails thee, thou lop-sided oaf? Why hidest thou thy face with thy great red hand? Uncover it at once and fear not. I am hardened to hideous visages. This Court is simply alive with them.

REPORTER (*withdrawing his hand from his face*): May it please Your Majesty, it is but that my eyes are dazzled by the beauty that I now behold.

ELIZABETH (*mollified*): Well, that seems fair enough. Thou art not the first that has suffered a touch of eye-strain in the same way. So thou thinkest me lovely?

REPORTER: Not Helen of Troy herself could bear comparison.

ELIZABETH: Thou soundest sincere. What thinkest thou of my cousin, Mary of Scotland, now a non-paying guest at my castle of Fotheringay?

REPORTER: She's no oil painting from what I've heard.

ELIZABETH: Yet men have dared to say that she is fairer than I.

REPORTER: They do but talk through the hind part of their cervicals.

ELIZABETH: I will admit that after a quarter of an hour in the torture chamber they changed their minds. What galls me is the way these scullions venture to appraise a lady's beauty when, with all these ruffs, stomachers, farthingales, and what not, so little of it is on view. Let me show thee. Look here. (*She draws up her skirt, revealing one leg as far as the knee.*) Canst imagine a match for that leg in beauty of form?

REPORTER: That's what I call a leg! Nevertheless, Your Majesty, I know where to lay my hand on a leg equal to that in loveliness.

ELIZABETH: Thou liest, starveling.

REPORTER: Nay, Your Majesty, it is that other royal leg to which I refer. Te-he-he.

ELIZABETH (*shouting*): Ho! without there! Send hither the Chief Torturer.

REPORTER: Pardon, pardon, good my liege. It was but a wheeze.

ELIZABETH: Was it? Take care not to get wheezes like that off thy chest where I'm concerned. Now then, what rag dost thou represent?

REPORTER: *The Southwark Bystander*. I have come to make discreet inquiries as to Your Majesty's matrimonial plans.

ELIZABETH: I haven't any. We Tudors don't seem to be lucky in marriage. The poor old dad tried to do things in a big way, but even he had to indulge in a lot of chopping and changing. And yet the offers I've had!

By Norman Kay

"Canst imagine a match for that leg in beauty of form?"

REPORTER: Rumour hath linked Your Majesty's name with that of an English nobleman.

ELIZABETH: Who's that?

REPORTER: His Lordship of Leicester.

ELIZABETH: Bob Dudley? That's all ballroom gossip. Bob and I are just friends—in a super-platonic way. We sing madrigals together. There are worse tenors than Bob—and better.

REPORTER: So I can contradict the rumour that Your Majesty and he are making a match of it?

ELIZABETH: That's about the size of it.

REPORTER: And I can add that you will continue more or less to retain the title of the Virgin Queen?

ELIZABETH: More or less, thou scurvy knave? I'll teach thee. (*Shouting.*) Ho! Without there! Halberdiers at the double. To the torture chamber with this accursed defamer of his Queen!

(*There is a rush of armed men into the room and the reporter is dragged out neck and crop.*)

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

CASINO LOVE

By CHARLES KINGSTON

Illustrated by CHARLES ROBINSON

Zelie, like many another girl of her type, regarded men only as a means to a pecuniary end—until she met Paul. Then, for the first time in her life, she found herself really in love. Her efforts to win the man and the sequel to her endeavours are told in this powerful story by Charles Kingston, who has set the scene amidst the sunshine and splendour of the Côte d'Azur

BEFORE the end of the third dance Zelie Andrieff was in love, and when at two in the morning she left the Carlton with Paul Gelleu she had forgotten everything save the wonderful personality of the man whose arm linked hers. As they walked side by side past the Casino and down the hill to the Condamine Zelie marvelled to herself that this should be Love. She had known many men and had thought herself in love at least a score of times, and she knew now she had been only deceiving herself. Hitherto, whenever a man had won more than her purchasable regard she had become excessively light-hearted and anxious only for excitement. More than one lover had paid dearly for this caprice of hers and she had not thanked him for his generosity. Now she found herself for the first time in her life anxious to please and not to despoil a man, and so humble as to be eager to sacrifice her pride if only he would give a sign that he thought more of her than of any other woman.

How she longed to talk and yet how reluctant she was to run the risk of shattering her illusions. Her companion seldom spoke, and the only compliment he paid her was to assure her in response to her gratitude for his escort that he was heavily in her debt for permitting him to see her to her hotel.

"I hope we may meet again, mademoiselle," he said, with a slight bow.

The coldness of his tone dismayed her, and she made a desperate effort to thaw him.

"I am Zelie to my friends," she said, her brilliant eyes sparkling with audacity and her red lips parted in a smile of invitation.

"You're too kind to me, Zelie," he said, pronouncing her name too formally to please her. "You must not forget that my name is Paul."

He bowed again, and as there was nothing else for her to do but pass into the hotel, she left him to make his way back alone to the Hôtel de Paris.

To all her friends and acquaintances—the latter predominated—Zelie was known as the girl with the brilliant eyes. She had wandered from Moscow to Monte Carlo and had taken nearly five years on a journey interrupted by a lengthy sojourn in Paris. At twenty-three she had acquired the dangerous wisdom of several cities, and had it not been for her brilliant eyes that wisdom must have made her old and ugly before her time. But strangers knew her only as a girl whose very presence banished depression and who could be constant to nothing except pleasure. Women might be able to pick her character and her clothes to pieces, but men were hypnotised by one who was the spirit of gaiety and whose happiness was infectious.

But there was nothing gay about Zelie now as she undressed slowly and got into bed. Once she paused to survey her figure in the mirror, but the discontent in her eyes annoyed her and she switched off the light and threw herself on the bed. Hour after hour went by, and although they were hours of misery, yet she would not have surrendered her thoughts even for dreamless sleep. Her love for Paul was the first real passion of her life, and she realised why it was that her countrywomen had a reputation for passionate lovemaking. Alternately she laughed and cried, and once she found herself calling aloud his name. Terrified lest she should have been overheard she buried her head under the blankets and waited with her lithe body quivering. Not a sound disturbed her until a motor car shot past the hotel, and, relieved, she abandoned herself once more to her thoughts.

Would Paul ever think of her except as a mere chance acquaintance worthy of no more than the consideration of a minute? Would the handsome Frenchman who could afford to stay at the most expensive hotel in the principality condescend to make a friend of a cheaply-dressed adventuress who could tell him nothing about herself because she dare not? She knew that the circumstances in which they had met were against her. Could he fall in love with a cocotte who had practically forced herself upon him in the casino just a week earlier? And yet Zelie, refusing to be wise or practical, worked herself up into that state of mind which believes that miracles are everyday occurrences. She persuaded herself that this was the beginning of a beautiful romance which would wipe out her past and give her the position of Paul Gelleu's wife. When she said this to herself a delicious thrill passed through her body and she held out her hands in the dark as if to seize him. Then closing her eyes she pictured him for the thousandth time as he had looked when gliding with her through the maze of dancers at the Carlton. How proud she had been when she had become conscious that nearly everybody was watching them.

THEN her passion degenerated into a furious jealousy, a jealousy all the more tempestuous because she could not conceal from herself the fact that it was unreasonable. Supposing Paul was in love with someone else? She knew that he was not married because he had told her so, but it was not likely that there was no woman in his life as yet. She judged him to be about thirty, the age when a man is very often beginning to repent or trying to forget. Zelie cursed her unknown rival, and a moment afterwards was sobbing repentance. When dawn came she was trying to console herself by repeating for the twentieth time that she would see Paul again and that she would have him all to herself during his stay at Monte Carlo.

How many times she had walked with pretended indifference past the Hôtel de Paris before he came down the steps she was unable to count, but she instantly forgot her weariness, physical and mental, when with a spontaneous smile he greeted her.

"I'm going to Nice," he explained, when she made a flippant reference to his apparent devotion to early rising. "Is it too much to hope that you'll accompany me?"

"I should love to go anywhere with you, Paul," she answered, and had it not been for her brilliant eyes her words must have sounded brazen and even insolent.

Paul Gelleu, who had had many episodes of a similar nature, smiled to himself. To him Zelie was but the toy of a moment, a cheap and rather tawdry toy whom he would never have looked at twice had it not been for her eyes. He knew the women of Europe, and he had met a score of Zelies before, and they had usually bored him, but now he was hundreds of miles away from his home and his friends and the people who knew him, and Zelie would help to pass the time.

She was cleverer, however, than he thought, and in knowledge of the world she was his superior. He would never have admitted that, but had he been cleverer he would have guessed the reason why she encouraged him to talk so much

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about himself. He was, as a rule, taciturn, and yet at lunch he practically monopolised their conversation, speaking freely of his family and of his plans and ambitions. Great names escaped from his lips, and Zelie, with a pang, heard that his women friends belonged chiefly to the aristocracy and the wealthy classes. Once he made a passing reference to the heiress of a famous French family whom Zelie had seen and admired a few months earlier at Deauville. Apparently the girl was one of Paul's special friends, and the heart of the cocotte sank as she compared a hurried inventory of herself and her clothes with the heiress she had watched in the casino at Deauville.

ALL the time, however, she was studying Paul, and so she watched him intently, slipping in a cleverly phrased piece of flattery now and then, and making mental notes of everything that concerned him. All the time she was striving to discover how she could bring him to her feet, or, failing that, allow her to fall at his. The girl with the brilliant eyes who had treated men as playthings now worshipped one man as though he were a god.

He startled her out of a reverie by reminding her that it was time to return to Monte Carlo, and when she asked to be put down a little way from the hotel in the Condamine there were tears in her eyes. But he banished them when he whispered a request that she might meet him at the Carlton that night at eleven.

"I'm dining with some friends whom I can't disappoint," he explained, "otherwise I should have begged for your company earlier."

The brilliant eyes were shining like stars as she lifted her face to his.

"I will count the moments until I see you again," she said, frankly, too much in love with him now to trouble to be conventional.

She dressed with special care for him that night, and while waiting for him at the table near the staircase tried to recall all he had said during lunch. He was a man who worshipped money. That was obvious from his talk. It was for the sake of money he had come to Monte Carlo, and the system he had played proved that he loved money so well that he could not bear to part from it. She laughed, with her chin resting on her hands, with her elbows on the table, laughed aloud as she remembered how he had described his excitement while waiting for red to come up five times in succession before he backed black. It appeared that very often its failure to do so resulted in his not risking a single stake for hour after hour. She marvelled at his patience and marvelled that Paul, of all men, should be unable to derive any pleasure from gambling.

He was fond of money. She was poor—at the moment actually penniless. But she did not intend to lose him. He was hers, if not by right of conquest, at any rate by right of love. The very thought of losing him created an agony which was unendurable, and it was with a genuine cry of relief she greeted him as he threaded his way amongst the dancers to her table.

SHE found him more fascinating and more charming than ever that night, and with every dance her determination to win him by fair means or foul was strengthened. She was ready to commit any crime for Paul's sake, and she would gladly have risked her life a dozen times to win his. Every little compliment he paid her she exaggerated, and his commonplace politeness seemed to her the love-making of a devout cavalier. The ridiculously small space allotted to dancers was packed, but Zelie saw no one except the man she loved, and did not hear the music because her own brain was throbbing with music of its own.

Yet there could be no doubt of it. Paul was the slave of money. He had talked a great deal about it at lunch, and now he could refer to his financial plans even when they were dancing. It was obvious to her that the men and women of his acquaintance of whom he thought most were those who were richest. Once he became almost poetical as he described how he had been entertained to dinner by an American millionaire. Zelie longed to hear a

note of emotion in his voice, but the only time she did was when Paul translated into francs the fifty million dollars rumour named as the wealth of that American.

She dreamed that night of Paul, a fantastic dream in which she took the part of a woman shovelling gold coins into a sack he held out before her, and when she opened her eyes she was laughing at the absurdity of it. But her desire for laughter went with consciousness. Paul was to be won, but he could be won only by money, and she was penniless! Her heart ached as she lay back on her pillow and stared up at the ceiling.

She spent two agonising days haunting the Hôtel de Paris and the Place du Casino until nightfall, and waiting for him at the Carlton until two o'clock in the morning, and never saw him. She could not eat, and a mist blurred the brilliance of her eyes. Men came to her table and were repulsed; she ordered champagne and did not taste it. Life had become all of a sudden hideous and torturing, and the girl who had been afraid of death longed for it now.

And then on the third day, as she was climbing the Tête de Chein in the direction of La Turbie, she came face to face with him.

"Paul!" she exclaimed, pressing both her hands against her heart as if to still it. "Paul!" she repeated.

"How many times she had walked with pretended indifference past the Hôtel de Paris before he came down the steps she was unable to count, but she instantly forgot her weariness when he greeted her"

"This is indeed fortunate, Zelie," he said, taking her hand between his. "I've been away on business at Cannes, and only returned late last night. It's delightful to see you."

She sat down heavily on the grass, and he took a seat beside her. Below them lay Monte Carlo and, beyond, the blue Mediterranean, and they seemed to have all the world to themselves as, protected on three sides by the mountains, they watched for several moments in silence the panorama formed by rock and sea beneath them.

ZELIE was hoping that when he grew tired of the silence he would say something about herself, something which would make him responsive to her own thoughts. How difficult it was to draw him out of his mood of polite reserve! She dare not speak as yet, because the reaction was so great she could not trust her tongue.

"Have you heard about the latest win at the casino?" he asked, almost abruptly.

Zelie squirmed and a red spot appeared in either cheek. Then she wanted to laugh at herself for being surprised that Paul should wish to talk about money, and succeeded only in emitting a sound like a hoarse cough.

"Some people have all the luck," he went on, fidgeting with the pebbles near his feet. "Just think of it! A girl goes into the 'kitchen' and, starting with a capital of five hundred francs, wins six hundred thousand before the casino closes."

He paused and flung a pebble away from him, the movement revealing his resentment that fate had not ordained the luck should be his. Zelie watched him slyly, pretending to be absorbed in a sail on the distant horizon. If only she could inspire the emotion money did!

"Six hundred thousand francs!" he repeated, with a sort of vicious emphasis. "And won by a girl who will probably fling it away! If only I had won six hundred thousand francs." His voice died on a note of intense longing.

"It wasn't six hundred thousand francs," she said, and when he turned and stared at her he saw laughter in her eyes.

"How do you know?" he asked, awe-stricken.

The girl with the brilliant eyes faced him boldly with a lie on her lips.

"Because I was the lucky player," she answered, radiant.

"You?" he gasped, and she detected a newly-born respect in his voice which thrilled her.

"Yes, I was the lucky one, but it was five hundred thousand francs I took back with me to my hotel," she said, yielding to the arm which stole round her waist.

"Do you mean to tell me that you've left all that money in your room?" he exclaimed, reproachfully.

"It's locked up in a tin trunk under my bed," she said, and to give her lie verisimilitude she opened her bag and took from it two keys. "This is the key of the door," she said, holding up the larger one, "and this is the key of the box which holds my winnings. Not that I need have troubled to lock the room—nobody in the hotel could possibly suspect I was so rich."

"Five hundred thousand francs," she heard him murmur to himself, and again his voice thrilled her. "No one knows of the money?" he said, drawing her to him.

"Not a soul," she said truthfully, far more truthfully than he could have suspected. "People with money don't stay at the Enterprise. Why, the room on either side of mine hasn't been occupied yet, and the season is half over."

Her cheek was pressed against his, and he was stroking her hand; but he was thinking only of the room with a fortune in it, and how easy it would be to engage the room next to it that day and stay only a few minutes.

"You're wonderful, Zelie!" he whispered, and she took his words as a compliment to herself and not merely as a reference to her phenomenal run of luck at the tables.

"Paul," she whispered in an ecstasy, "don't leave me!"

HIS arm tightened round her waist, and as he drew her under the shelter of a projecting rock she closed her eyes and nestled to him. That was why she never saw the hand which crept towards her throat, and also why it was too late to cry out as the second hand joined the first and made it impossible for her ever to speak again.

Half an hour later her corpse was lying concealed in a thicket behind an accumulation of stones, while her murderer with two keys in his pocket was making his way to a cheap hotel in the Condamine.

C. K.

PARIS GOSSIP

Wide World

The Foster Girls, who are scoring a big hit in Germany, seen in one of their acrobatic dances An English troupe of exceptional ability, they have been appearing at the Scala in Berlin

MUSIC and MODES

By Sylvia Lyon

FOR the first few performances of *Frédérique* Franz Lehar came to Paris. I don't know why. On a bright Sunday afternoon, when I should have gone to the country instead of going to a matinée, and if I did go to a matinée I should have seen *Amis comme Avant, Les Criminels,* or *Carine,* or *La Jeune Fille Folle de son Ame,* I went to *Frédérique.* Although I had my doubts, as it was being played at the Gaieté Lyrique, there was a great queue before the box-office. "I wonder if we can get a table?" asked Edward anxiously, out of force of habit. We had to take loge seats, and on the way upstairs an agent-de-ville on duty in the theatre tripped over his sabre. I laughed in great disrespect of the law, and Edward said that children should not be given swords to play with. Anyhow, I had a good old-fashioned thrill when Lehar appeared to conduct. Then I felt miserable, realising my extreme age, for I remembered years ago not being allowed to see *The Merry Widow* because women smoked on the stage.

FAR away as that era is, equally out of date in plot and music, *Frédérique,* based on the love-life of Goethe, seems to-day. We left after the second act, and, like two nice little bourgeois, had tea at Rumpelmayer's. Edward then suggested going to the Roy's, but we went instead to another tea-party where there was to be music, but they always have marvellous caviare sandwiches to atone for it. Arthur Honegger, the composer of *Le Roi David,* was there, and I was surprised to see how young he looks out of the pulpit—I mean, off the platform. I hear he is writing a comic opera based on Pierre Louys' "Les Aventures de le Roi Pausole," one of the most hectic books I have ever read. So Edward was

E.N.A.

Fräulein Mulino Von Kluck, the eighteen-year-old granddaughter of General Von Kluck, who commanded the Germans in the Battle of the Marne and was known to all Old Contemptibles as "Vun O'Clock." She is so successful on the stage, where she specialises in "vamp" parts, that she was able to give her grandfather a magnificent Daimler on his sixty-third birthday

E.N.A.

Miss Jay, an English girl who has won a very big reputation in France as a dog breeder, with a Borzoi and a Chow, each of which was awarded a gold medal with championship honours at the recent Paris Dog Show. So successful is she that she is said to pay income tax on 500,000 francs a year

Francis C. Fuerst

MISS EVELYN LAYE

The charming young English actress who has scored an enormous personal success in New York. She is playing lead in the American production of Noel Coward's musical play, "Bitter-Sweet"

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 282)

E.N.A.

"WALKER, PARIS" !

Princess Ziouroupa, the daughter of a Russian General now living in Paris. She has started off on a walk from the French capital right across Europe, her objective being the French Consulate in Constantinople

useful, all said and done, if not ornamental.

THE buyers are with us again, and by the time this article appears most of the dressmakers will be showing their new collections. Always desiring to be timely, the morning the King's speech was broadcast and all the Americans and English in Paris were staying at home or running to each other's houses to hear it over the radio, I at that hour was trying on new hats at Maria Guy, to the horror of Madame André, who said it was much too early to buy a hat; whereupon I nearly wept, and she said, "Well, if you feel that way about it, I will make this little black taffeta béret for you."

AFTER a lull things are starting up again in Paris, and, to be in keeping with events, I wondered if I should go around looking slightly insane, to be in keeping with the Salon des Indépendants; looking romantic, in honour of the Romantic Exhibition at the Bibliothèque Nationale; or like an undernourished child, for the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs at the Opéra. . . . I suggest, for anybody interested in forgery as a career, that the exposition at the Manuel Gallery of autographs of members of the Académie Française is very interesting if people think that studying and forging the handwritings of academicians will ever get them anywhere.

I MET the other day Monsieur Gustave de Kerguezac, a member of the French delegation at the Naval Conference. His very young and pretty daughter, who is still at school in Versailles, will accompany him to London. I have met her several times, as her mother, who is dead, was a first cousin of the Princess Bibesco. The latter has just returned from Barcelona, and the King of Spain, it seems, requested the Baron Juel to show her about the Exposition. "Baron Juel!" I exclaimed, "the man who looks exactly like King George?" "Yes," she said, "the one whom the Prince of Wales calls Daddy. I had never seen him before, and the resemblance really startled me!" The Baron Juel is in Paris nearly all the year round, and whenever he walks through the people are simply electrified, for he is almost the living image of King George, and when he walks into the Ritz lots of people imagine the King is in Paris incognito.

THE other day at a tea-party a boy told me that the Comte de Paris is going to marry the Princesse Isabelle d'Orleans et Bragance, who is very good-looking and inherited an enormous fortune from Dom Pedro, who was Emperor of Brazil. "Who told you that?" I asked, meaning, of course, the marriage rumour. "Oh, a little bird," he said. "I hope," said I, drawing away in alarm, "that it wasn't a parrot. By the way, how do you suppose that Pssitiacock-eye, or whatever it is, spreads?" "Oh," said my friend, "not more than it does usually among birds," which, after all, wasn't very informative. S. L.

Jacqueline Hammond, the little seven-year-old niece of Aubrey Hammond, the well-known artist and scene designer. She is training for ballet in Paris under Madame Nesterovsky, late of the Imperial Russian Opera and Ballet

OUR EMPIRE.

A view of Mount Edith Cavell, the beautiful peak in the section of the Rocky Mountains which is cleft by the Yellowhead Pass. This peak soars to a height of 11,033 feet, and is one of the highest in the range which is rapidly becoming a topographical Roll of Honour.

ARE YOU "STARRED"?

Daily Mirror I.B.

IN these four photographs of social events reproduced on this page are five persons selected haphazard round whose head a star has been placed. The Editor will have great pleasure in sending to each of these a guinea, as the penalty of being "starred," if they will kindly send him their names and addresses. Their identity should be verified by two friends, who need only sign the application and give their addresses. Application should be made within a week of publication except in cases of photographs taken abroad.

Photographs Topical Press and Central News

(Above) Some of the many guests at the Plymouth Guildhall, where the Mayor organised a Charity Ball in aid of the Central Hospital

(Centre) A group photographed at the Bucks County Farmers' Ball, which took place at the Town Hall, Aylesbury. There was a large number of guests present, including several prominent members of Society

(Below) During the Police Ball which was held at Greenock a popular feature of the evening was a Grand March. Chief Constable Christie's daughter and Lord Inverclyde are seen leading the procession, which was held in the ballroom

Sport and General

A party of revellers at the fancy dress ball held in connection with the Maryhill Harriers, at the Albert Hall, Glasgow. As can be seen, originality was by no means lacking as regards the costumes

A WHO'S WHO PUBLISHED BY WORTHINGTON

MASTERMAN Gerald. The original strong, silent man. Very strong. Very silent. Winner of horsewhipping championship (1917). Served in the Battle of the Somme and later in Falkland Islands (Film versions). Old Worthingtonian. *Address:* "The Great Open Spaces," Sussex. *Tel. Address:* "Ton Worthing."

RIVIERA TENNIS

By

Keystone View

Miss Helen Jacobs, the American player, an opponent of Miss Helen Wills in the Final of the All England Championship last year, is again coming to Europe and will start playing on the Riviera

LAWN-TENNIS definitely appeals to people on the Riviera, first, I think, because they can rarely ever play it under such good conditions as they can out here; and, secondly, because to keep *really* fit in the South of France one must take exercise. Then, again, the tennis tournaments are really very amusing to watch, even if one does not play one's self, and there are endless amusing characters and scenes to be noted if you are anything of a keen observer.

JUST now the interest is increasing by leaps and bounds, for lately Henri Cochet, the great "little man from Lyons," arrived back in Cannes, and is, I understand, going to train and play singles very shortly. This means, of course, that he will inevitably meet his old opponent "Bill" Tilden, who is now sweeping the board with his present opponents, and when that meeting comes (which should be within the next two weeks) I prophesy almost as great a crowd as there was to see the memorable Suzanne Lenglen *v.* Helen Wills match. Curiously enough it seems likely that it will be at the same club (the Carlton) where this match was held that this meeting of giants will take place.

HOWEVER, nothing is settled yet, and it is all on the knees of the gods, so to speak. The Baron de Morpurgo and "Toto" Brugnon (one of the most popular people who ever held a racquet) are coming this week to Cannes, and it looks as if this month we should have a men's entry here quite as representative as it is at Wimbledon. The young Frenchmen — Landry, Boussus, De Buzelet, and B. de Ricou, are all playing, while in the Butler Trophy there will be three good British pairs competing — Austin and Kingsley, Hughes and Lee, and E. C. Peters and Jack Hillyard.

THERE will be a wonderful clash

D. Stuart

André d'Adhémar, Junior Champion of France, of whom great things are expected in the near future

Sport and General

Charles Kingsley (left), the English Davis Cup player, photographed with his partner, W. T. Tilden (right), who is showing fine form on the Riviera. (Centre) A. Grahn, one of the semi-finalists in the men's doubles at Canne

Sport and General

Miss "Cilly" Aussem, the famous German player, photographed with Senora Valerio, one of the best of the Italian ladies

THERE is no question that lawn-tennis is a big attraction on the Côte d'Azur. People are apt to think that it is a game which only "specialists" can really enjoy, but I can assure you that just as many hardly fought battles go on on private courts, along the Riviera, as are ever waged between "giants" of the game, such as William Tilden and Henri Cochet in the finals of the big tournaments. To begin with, everyone from kings downwards plays tennis. The King of Sweden certainly plays a game of tennis every day he is in the South, and I think the ex-King of Portugal does very much the same thing.

SO many people have lovely courts tucked away in their gardens. Colonel and Madame Balsan, up at "Eze"; the "Johnny" Wards, at Cap Ferrat; the Dowager Lady Glentanar, at Villefranche; Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, at Roquebrune; Mr. Gilbert Frankau, at Beauvallon; and a whole crowd more, not to mention Mr. Somerset Maugham, who has a lovely swimming-pool as well.

LAWN

Phyllis Satterthwaite

of International teams in this same Butler Trophy this year, for William Tilden is playing with "Junior" Coen, and Cochet with Brugnon; while De Morpurgo will play with his old partner Gaslini (who has been ill and out of lawn-tennis for a year or so), and thus make another extremely strong pair to be considered. Jan Kozeluh, the only amateur member of the big Czecho-Slovakian family, who number no fewer than four "pros." in their ranks, are both coming South in the next few weeks, while, of course, Alain Gerbault, whose long voyages have somewhat impaired his chances of lawn-tennis practice of late, is settled here for the winter, having a really happy time before he sets off on a new voyage in the late summer.

D. Stuart

(Above) G. Lyttleton Rogers (left), the Irish Davis Cup player, but a "rabbit" a few seasons ago is here seen with J. Brugnon, whom he recently beat, one of the famous French quartette

Angus Faith

(Below) Mme. Serpierri (better known as Mlle. "Diddie" Vlasto) making a welcome reappearance on the Riviera courts after her marriage

ONE always notices a great activity amongst the photographers and cinema men whenever any new girl champion is arriving. Fraulein "Cilly" Aussem, the little German champion, is a great favourite with the camera folk, for she has a very expressive little face and plenty of vivacity, both on the court and off. She also enjoys the distinction of being one of the best-dressed players of to-day.

ANOTHER very pretty girl who since her marriage has played very little tournament tennis, but who must certainly be mentioned for general charm and fine play, is Madame Serpierri (who as Mlle. "Diddie" Vlasto made a whole host of friends both in France and England). Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall (who, I am glad to hear, is coming out later), Miss Betty Nuthall, Miss Hemmant, and Miss Joan Ridley are four pretty girls who look delightful as well as hitting as hard as most men. Mrs. Frank Moody (Miss Helen Wills that was) is, I am afraid, not coming South after all; but we have Miss Helen Jacobs, last year's finalist at Wimbledon, on her way here, and we have, of course, the Senorita de Alvarez, who, although she is still ski-ing busily at St. Moritz, means to come to the Riviera, I hear, and play in quite a lot of tournaments.

D. Stuart

Miss Joan Ridley, the famous English player, photographed on the new courts at Cannes

BESIDES all these "cracks" there are a whole crowd of well-known folk who play very good tennis. There are so many it is difficult to name them all, but Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Charles Hope, Sir Ernest Wills, are all very regular tournament players; while Sir Arthur Crosfield, Lord Rochdale, and Sir Howard d'Egville are very keen also. Lady Crosfield, Lady Wavertree, Lady Salmond, Mrs. Phillip Magor, Madame Balsan, Lady John Ward, all play a great deal; while two of the smallest (and the keenest, I fancy) are Prince Stephan of Schaumburg-Lippe's two small children, who play every day on the courts of the Country Club at Monte Carlo, where their father is one of the most regular of members, and "coaches" them both most perseveringly.

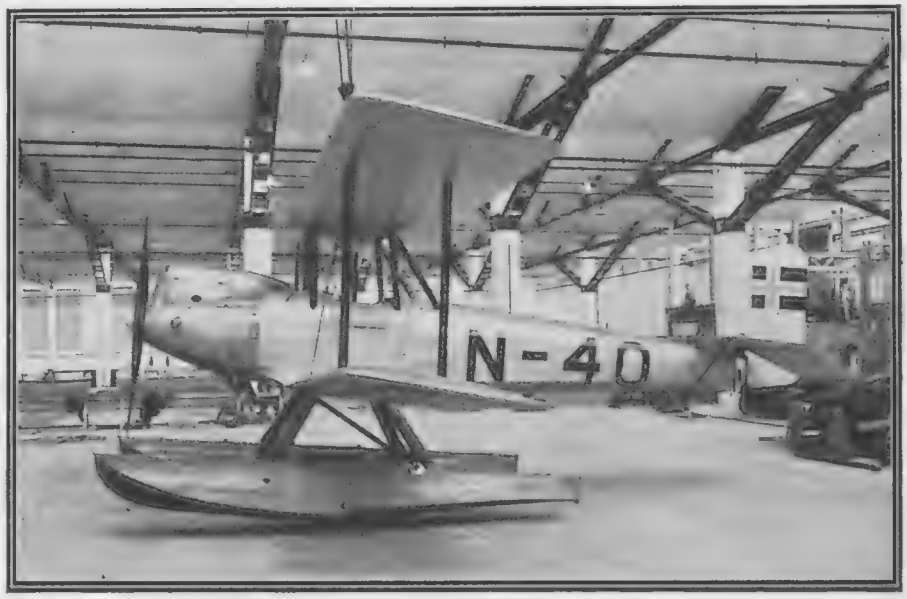
Sport and General

"Mlle. Printemps" the assumed name of a well-known young Italian player who cannot be accused of employing an unsuitable pseudonym

FLYING NOTES

INSURANCE FOR AIR TRAVEL

By Capt. C. E. Ward



The latest model of the Bluebird as a seaplane. This reliable machine is on offer at the Auto Auctions

FLYING has now taken its place as a normal mode of travel, and many people seem to be puzzled on the question of insurance. Of course, if one decides to go to the Continent by air it is quite possible to take out some sort of a policy at the London booking agents or even at Croydon, but it's a pity to leave it to the last minute, and in any case one pays through the nose for very indifferent cover. Any good life policy can be endorsed to include flying as a fare-paying passenger on recognised air routes, with no increase in premium. So few people seem to take advantage of this facility, being either unaware of its possibility or content to wait until the day when they may fly. It is obviously well worth while arranging with one's broker or insurance company in advance, and if there should be any difficulty it is probable that the policy is weak in other respects also.

An All Risk Policy

I AM indebted to Mr. Rossborough, who has made a special study of flying risks, for general information on this subject; readers of these Notes with their own special problems can have the benefit of his advice by addressing him at Inveresk House, care of the Editor. With the stipulation that the policy covers flying risks only on an organised air route, no additional premium is required for a personal accident insurance without weekly benefits. If it is required to cover a fixed payment per week whilst temporarily out of action a different policy must be taken out, the extra premium being about 2*s.* per cent. on the total sum assured. As an example of a good policy, £3 10*s.* per annum per £1,000 covers all risks of accident with a benefit of £5 per week. The total sum and the benefits can, of course, be multiplied by a pro rata premium. It would be invidious for me to compare the policies of good insurance companies. Everyone who travels abroad should put their case before an expert who has studied aviation risks, and allow him to recommend the best for their particular needs. Bearing in mind that except for weekly benefits it will probably cost nothing to get an endorsement, it is a matter well worth attention. It is surprising to know the number of people who find themselves at Croydon never having had any intention of flying. Maybe they have missed the train or had their leg pulled because they have never been by air, but, sure enough, hundreds of people make their first trip every week.

A photograph of an all-metal Bluebird which has been constructed for Japan. This is the first machine of its type to be sent to that country

Around the Clubs

LORD WAKEFIELD OF HYTHE has presented the British Gliding Association with £1,000, a most useful foundation for the promotion of motorless flying in this country. The London Gliding Club has ordered its first mount, a Kegal monoplane, in which the pilot sits under the wing. Mr. R. L. Unwin, of the Cinque Ports Club, has passed all tests for his "A" licence, and Mr. Wynne, the club's engineer, who was recently launched solo, has proceeded to show members exactly how to make three point landings. Having to be in attendance, so to speak, at many doubtful landings, and having to put the pieces together again, most ground engineers are good pupils. The Northants Aero Club, with eighty flying members and nearly 300 associate members, have two machines which are kept constantly busy. Their annual ball took place on the 24th of last month, repeating the previous successes.

Celebrating the Victory

THE DUKE OF YORK will speak at the Royal Aero Club's banquet to-night at the Savoy, which has been arranged to celebrate our victory in the Schneider Trophy Race. The world's air speed records will be recognised by presentations to Rolls-Royce, the Supermarine Company, and to the pilots who flew for England. The club's gold medal goes to Captain Barnard, together with an illuminated address to the Duchess of Bedford, for their return flight to India in a week. The Britannia Trophy for 1929 has been awarded by a unanimous vote to the Hon. Lady Bailey, D.B.E., for her solo flight to South Africa and back. It will be interesting to see whether any official announcements are made about the Schneider Trophy Contest in 1931. As matters now stand, the Government has withdrawn its support, although it may loan Service pilots to any sportsmen willing to enter suitable machines.

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THE LITERARY SHOW

ARE OUR LITERARY LIONS WORTH LOOKING AT?

By J. A. Hammerton

Sketches by BUD PERMANT

"GALSWORTHY has a fine head and no doubt some of his work is quite good, but I cannot read it," was one of the obiter dicta that fell from Mr. Augustine Birrell in an interview on his eightieth birthday. I was more caught by the reference to the novelist's head than by the fact that so catholic a bookman as Mr. Birrell was unable to read Galsworthy. For my shelves carry some dozens of the admired works of living novelists in the reading of which I have stopped short after a chapter or two, with no wish ever to resume. I had come upon that paragraph just as I was about to pen some reflections on the outward guise of our leading literary personalities. I had been wondering how the celebrities of to-day would appeal to a later generation in the matter of picturesqueness.

"The childish mania for writing letters"

To me they seem a drab and uninspiring lot. I mean the real big fellows. The little chaps can dress the part all right. And put frills on it. I saw this month in a literary journal the picture of a small-bore critic with whose name I should not expect any of my readers to be acquainted, and, by heaven, he might have been to all appearance the grandest literary figure of our time. the carefully disarranged hair, the ample brow with its pale cast of thought, the sensitive hands that held the precious scroll he was in the act of writing! But what shall one say of those whose names are household words?

CHESTERTON, perhaps, is the one naturally picturesque individual among them. His Falstaffian rotundities are immensely alluring to the artist's pencil. Here at least is a worthy successor to Dr. Johnson in a walk down Fleet Street. Shaw, as a subject for a kit-cat might pass, but his full length as a surf-bather is a pathetic rather than a picturesque figure. You can see Barrie occasionally in the Strand looking as little conspicuous as any lawyer's copying clerk. Wells, too, the prince of them all in sheer intellect and brilliance, has no more personality than a salesman in the shirts and socks department. Galsworthy, his fine head and thoughtful, sympathetic countenance notwithstanding, could walk on without make-up in one of his plays as a typical family solicitor.

KIPLING, since the years have turned to mousy grey the once ebony blackness of eyebrow and moustache and further thinned his always scanty locks, no longer carries an air of distinction. I observed at the Cataract Hotel, at Assouan, last spring that few visitors of their own initiative picked him out from among the guests. His increased stoutness sits well on Arnold Bennett, who twenty years ago presented a slight and unimpressive exterior to the world he had set out so deliberately to conquer. Of the younger men J. B. Priestley—now firm-footed among the famous by virtue of "The Good Companions"—is best described as distingué, which means something subtly different from the English word, and more widely different from the rather boyish and commonplace portrait of this fine critic and novelist that often appears in the newspapers.

"J. B. Priestley is best described as being distingué"

To extend this review of our men of genius and talent would only be to make more patent the fact that though a revival of Victorian taste in art, architecture, or decoration is unthinkable, the great literary figures of that age will

long outshine those of the neo-Georgian, if only as picturesque personalities. In Dr. Robert Bridges and Augustine Birrell himself we are happy in having two fine Victorians still surviving into an age of thinner blood. I can think of none of our more active authors who so well conform as these to the popular ideal of a distinguished man of letters. Birrell has always struck me as curiously like Thackeray, but much better looking in being free from Titmarsh's disfigurement of the nose.

Is it possible that the American safety-razor is responsible for the modern loss of picturesqueness? To some degree, I think. Birrell in one of his essays seeks to minimise acting as an art by arguing that its followers have to shave. No art that demands this sacrifice can rank highly, he suggests. Amusing nonsense, of course. There have been great actors who did not shave. By the same argument Bouchier lowered his art in growing a whisker to play Henry VIII. But, when you think of it, most of these unforgettable Victorian figures had a plenitude of whisker: Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, Trollope, Dickens, Meredith, and a score of others. I often wondered when I used to meet those amazing little men and great poets, Swinburne and Philip James Bailey, both of whom had fine heads, what they might have lost at the hands of the barber.

On the whole, we of the Anglo-Saxon races make a poor show in this matter of the picturesque compared with the Latins. The French or Italian author or artist sees his own existence as a drama and dresses himself for the part of protagonist. One of the reasons why Byron has retained a popularity on the Continent long lost to his name in England is the glamour with which he surrounded himself while alive. There was something very un-English about his brief tempestuous career. Gabriele D'Annunzio has, perhaps, the most vivid personality of the Continental men of letters to-day. I see that he is writing his autobiography, which must mean that he is merely going to document his already amazing literary achievement, so much of which, in poetry and romance, is essentially autobiographic. His life with Eleonora Duse is already the theme of "Il Fuoco," where his passion is laid bare with that Latin frankness which some of our young bloods are now emulating in their fiction.

We have no public personage in England to vie with D'Annunzio in his eager love of life and the power to express it. Who can—

"Sing of the huge joy of living, of being strong, of being young; of biting earthly fruits with strong, white greedy teeth. And of hearing all music, and of looking with eyes of flame on the divine face of the world, as a lover looks on his beloved."

His life has been the most astonishing of D'Annunzio's achievements, high though he ranks as a great creative artist. No poet since Byron has surrounded himself with such glamour.

"Sees his own existence as a drama"

Mr. J. A. Hammerton, whose new feature "The Literary Show" is found on these pages, was among the regular contributors to the earliest numbers of THE BYSTANDER. *He has now returned to the fold as a light commentator on those authors and books which interest him, and in doing so interests his readers no less.*

His countrymen rightly regard him as their peculiar glory: his superb vanity, his flamboyance, his passionate divagations being readily accepted as the eccentricities of genius.

In England it is rarely that a mere man of letters becomes a national hero: at least not while he is alive to enjoy the fun of it. But D'Annunzio has been the darling of Italy for wellnigh forty years, and his finest literary work was accomplished before this century had begun. Born in 1864, he was a very precocious poet, as his face was turned *alla gloria* at the tender age of fourteen when he wrote his "Primo Vere." What a man! Poet, dramatist, romancist, adventurer, soldier, great lover and patriot! And he has done notable things in every rôle.

The poet's friend and publisher, Signor Arnoldo Mondadori of Milan, made a special journey with me two years ago to show me his immense works at Verona, where the printing of the great "Edizione Nazionale di Tutte le Opere di Gabriele D'Annunzio" had begun. This unique enterprise has been little written about in England. Picture a British Government arranging to organise and finance a complete edition of a living poet-novelist in eighty superb volumes!

A national Institute was created for the purpose, with Mussolini as the honorary president. The eighty volumes are being bound in a variety of styles for sale at prices ranging from 150 to 9,000 liras. Behind this unique enterprise I suspect—but of course I may be wrong—a deep-laid plan of Mussolini's for providing a dangerous rival with a big and joyous piece of work to keep him quiet. If it is purely homage to Italy's foremost man of letters it speaks well for the heart of *il Duce*, and if it is the other thing it speaks not less well for his head.

A minor folly of our crazy age is the childish mania for writing letters—and such letters! The unappeasable vanity of the fair frail cinema stars and the gullibility of our B.B.C. officials have largely ministered to the mania. And then it helps to send up our post office receipts. A few years ago a loud-voiced B.B.C. lecturer—since retired into well-earned obscurity—received in one morning on his departure for a sea voyage half a dozen large sacks of letters and about a thousand telegrams in response to a ludicrous invitation which he was permitted to broadcast. It took him and another about a fortnight to open the envelopes. Carlyle was everlastingly right in his estimate of the number of fools. But at the back of this folly is a low, cunning Jew spirit of "beeznish." By the proportions of their respective post-bags do the cinema bosses estimate the drawing values of their stars and the B.B.C. is inclined to the same foolishness.

"Congratulations on your broadcast last night," I once said to a well-known basso profundo, who courteously retorted in his deepest tones "Don't tell *me* old man, drop a p.c. to the B.B.C." I didn't; but I had learned something. No test of public opinion is more misleading than one based upon letters of praise or abuse. Editors seldom receive complimentary epistles except from persons wanting to see themselves in print. I notice that many little letters from humble, unknown correspondents get good positions in the *Daily Mail* or the *Evening Standard* because they begin (and sometimes go no further) with an expression of the writer's life-long admiration for the journal to whose susceptible editor they are addressed. Let some obvious printer's error, however, slip into your pages and you will have a heavy post from hawk-eyed readers exultantly pointing it out, though a really serious mis-statement of fact will pass them all unnoticed.

J. A. Hammerton

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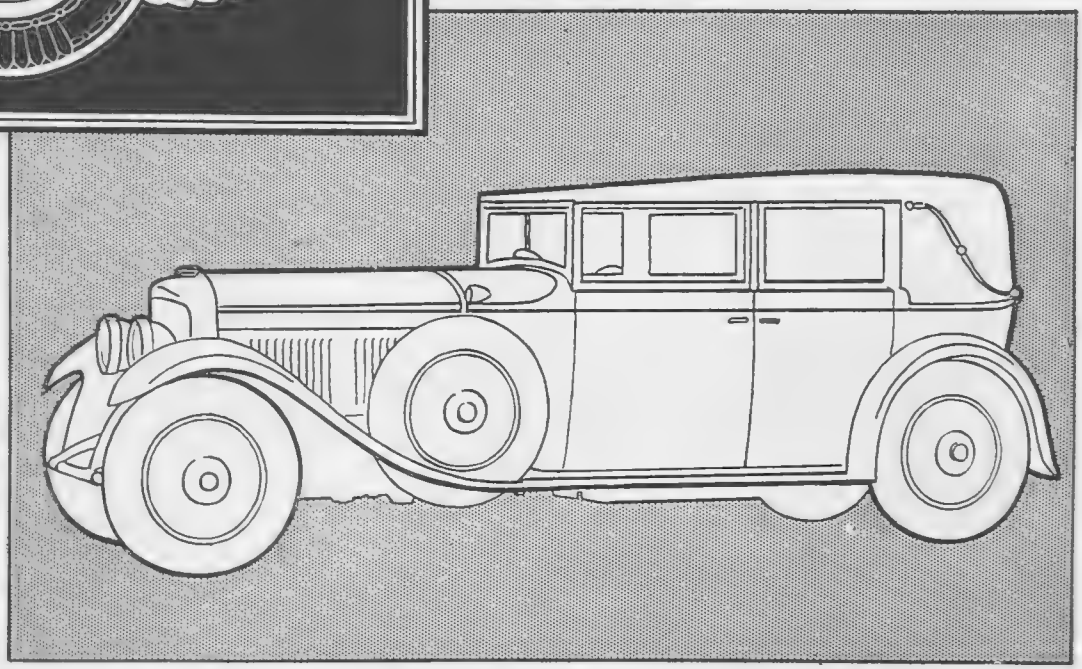

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SHOOTING NOTES

Sport and General

The Rt. Hon. William Anderson, M.P., the Secretary of State for Scotland, photographed with Lord Cottesloe, the Chairman of the Small Arms Committee, at the main Guard Tower at the Tower of London. Mr. Anderson is seen beside the tablet which he unveiled to the memory of the Rev. Alexander Forsyth, the inventor of the percussion lock

THE INVENTOR OF THE PERCUSSION LOCK

By "CLODHOPPER"

A MONUMENT of simple design, but highly interesting to soldiers, sportsmen and gunmakers, was unveiled in the Tower of London last week to the memory of the comparatively unknown, albeit great, Scottish scientist and inventor, the Reverend Alexander John Forsyth. He it was who invented the first percussion lock which, patented so far back as 1807, gradually but surely superseded the unwieldy, unreliable and slow-ignition flintlock muskets and sporting guns of our forefathers, including, of course, Joe Manton's works of art, for the doyen of scientific gunmakers was a contemporary of Forsyth's. With all due respect to the "cloth," it seems a little difficult nowadays to imagine a minister of the Church of Scotland being imbued with sufficient inventive genius to create a gunlock such as would improve and entirely revolutionise the design and precision of firearms.

THAT Forsyth was not lacking in either divine or scholarly attributes may be gathered from the fact that, born in 1768, he took his Master's degree at Aberdeen in 1782. Nine years later he succeeded his father as minister of Belhelvie, near Aberdeen, where for upwards of seventeen years he devoted himself to the general welfare of his parishioners, by whom he was greatly beloved and revered as a devout and kindly friend and divine. During his ministry at Belhelvie Forsyth spent much of his spare time in experimenting upon his detonator, and the lock designed to explode the fulminant. He did, not, however, relinquish his favourite sport of shooting. Indeed, it was the disappointment of missing so much game in the shooting-field, owing to slow-ignition, miss-firing, damp-priming and other drawbacks of Forsyth's flintlock fowling-piece that prompted him to discover a quicker and more reliable method of igniting a charge of powder than that of flint and steel. The flintlock, by the way, was first introduced into England during the reign of William III and continued in general use among sportsmen until the early 1820's, and as the Service arm of British infantry regiments until some time after 1840. Forsyth's efforts proved, in both cases, entirely successful. His primers probably took the form of discs or pellets—something resembling those fired in toy pistols to-day—the copper percussion-cap of similar pattern to that which is still used in muzzle-loaders having been, I believe, first patented by Mr. Westley Richards in 1836.

IN common with many other scientists and inventors—past and present—of firearms and ballistites, Forsyth appears to have received "more kicks than ha'pence" from the military authorities of his time. Lord Moira, Master-General of Ordnance, apparently, did appreciate the fact that both the lock and the primer possessed great merits from a military point of view, so much so indeed that Forsyth was granted the facility of working upon his inventions in the Tower of London during 1806. But Lord Chatham, who succeeded Moira the following year, had seemingly no use for military innovations of any kind. In any case, he lost not a moment of time in deposing Forsyth, who, disgusted with such scurvy treatment, joined forces with a London gunmaker. He now patented his percussion lock and primer, which were very soon taken up by some of the most prominent sportsmen of the day, but it was not until 1835 that the 3rd Grenadier and 1st Coldstream Guards were first armed with percussion muskets.

THAT the minister-inventor of Belhelvie was mainly responsible for the introduction of the percussion lock into the British Army there can be not the shadow of a doubt. But not until two decades later, and after much haggling and cheeseparing in Parliament, and between the Treasury and Board of Ordnance, as to whether Forsyth was entitled to recognition of any kind, did the latter receive from a grateful Government the *magnificent* gratuity of £200! Forsyth was by no means a wealthy man and, according to "The Dictionary of National Biography" Napoleon I. offered him £20,000 for the formulæ of his detonating powder. Though Great Britain and France were not at war at the time, the "Little Corporal's" offer was scathingly refused by the loyal and revered Scot.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

THE FARMERS' RABBIT SHOOT

WHERE farmers retain the rabbit shooting they show themselves wonderfully philosophic regarding the damage done, but where ground game is dealt with by the keepering staff all injury is viewed through a magnifying glass. These little troubles are as nothing compared with the disturbance which game suffers where rabbits abound, particularly the spoiling of hedge bottoms for partridge nesting. Where there are coverts to which the farmer, in the exercise of his rights, cannot penetrate such rabbits as they contain are credited with all the damage done to the crops. Whatever the situation there is no better way to promote harmony than to organise a farmers' rabbit shoot, wherein all coverts, hedge rows and other lurking places, are thoroughly treated beforehand so that the entire rabbit population is above ground on the day fixed for the festival. A festival it should be made in the eating as well as the sporting line. The owner and his friends are best at home, especially if they are a bit finicky on the subject of stray pellets; moreover, the keepers, who participate in the shooting, can manage things better if they have only their own kind to deal with. They can concentrate on making the day one of great slaughter and at the same time study the idiosyncrasies of their guests. Odd cartridges left over from the season's shooting would be a welcome contribution.

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

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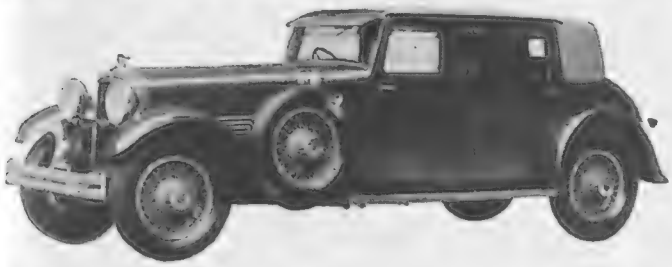

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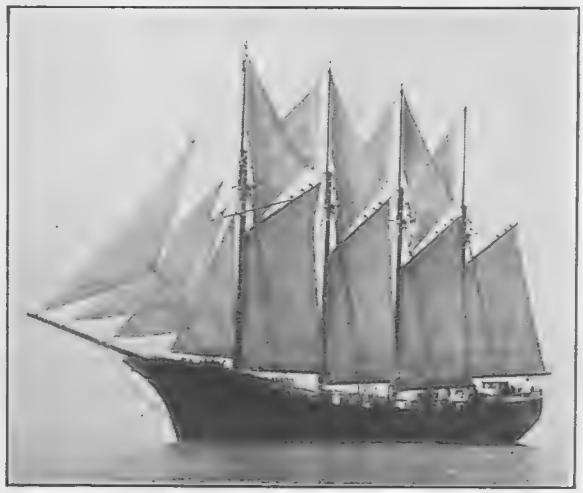

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A MALLET ON L.G.'s HEAD

By Ralph Straus

Miss Storm Jameson, the popular novelist and short story writer. Her latest novel, "The Voyage Home," is published by Messrs. Heinemann

I HAVE sometimes wondered what it must be like to have a book written wholly and solely about oneself. Surely a queer enough business. The book, of course, might be little more than one long eulogy, in which case, I suppose, the subject would murmur (in public) "Too kind!" and feel (in private) that one man at any rate has got his deserts. But suppose the book were to be a really smashing attack! What then? I can see myself taking immediate steps to shoot the most distant of big game, were some misguided fellow to write in that way about me.

Which brings me to Sir Charles Mallet and his book, *Mr. Lloyd George: A Study* (Benn: 9*s.*). This is about as forthright an attack on a living statesman as can have been printed since early eighteenth century days, when political pamphlets were rather less delicate than they are to-day. At the same time I can find in it no trace of personal feeling. Sir Charles, himself once a Liberal Minister, is of the opinion that good Liberals would be well advised to fight shy of Mr. Lloyd George as their leader, and gives his reasons—which fill over three hundred really entertaining pages.

NO politician I, as Max Beerbohm once said, parodying somebody else, but you do not need to be a politician to appreciate the various details of this piquant polemic. It is, as they say, fully documented, though I can imagine people wondering whether some of the authorities quoted are wholly above suspicion. And Sir Charles gives L.G. full credit for his virtues. It just happens that these fill a paragraph or two, while his vices—I use the word in its political, or, shall I say, Pickwickian, sense—fill the rest of the book.

It has been said that L.G. was largely instrumental in winning the War. After reading this book one gathers that he certainly said so himself, but one wonders how it could possibly have been won with him at the helm. We are, in fact, shown a swollen-headed vacillating, would-be military tactician (who never believed that we could win in the West, and "starved" the ill-fated Fifth Army in March, 1918), immersed all the time in every sort and kind of intrigue calculated to maintain his own prestige with Press and people, an opportunist at the mercy of anybody choosing to dub himself expert. And in the peace we see him as Dictator, an appalling spendthrift who behaved as though he were Prime Minister of Europe, always full of colossal schemes (whereby everybody would benefit) which had to be discarded almost as soon as they were born, still the arch-intriguer, and now—the possessor of "the fund."

That never-to-be-forgotten fund! Sir Charles does not spare its onlie begetter. He hits, indeed, extraordinarily hard. Yet none of his blows, provocative though some of them may be, hits below the belt. Replies, of course, will be forthcoming, "inspired" and otherwise, but in the meantime the author would seem to have made out the prettiest case. This, however, is a literary and not a political page, and I will only add that as a piece of literary work the book seems to be admirably clear and of very real interest.

THEY used to say that novels about novelists were almost as unwanted as novels about the stage—on the grounds, I suppose, that people liked to retain their ideals equally about popular writers and beautiful actresses. Then what about a novel in which the background is a publisher's office? Publishers, as every author knows, are the scum of the earth—worldly minded and illiterate merchants devoid of all the higher feelings. (What publishers think about authors, of course, is wholly unprintable.) But are they really as bad as all that? I commend to your attention Guy Chapman's first novel, *A Painted Cloth* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*), where you will actually find four publishers—all, I admit, belonging to the same family—who have quite considerable claims to be called human beings.

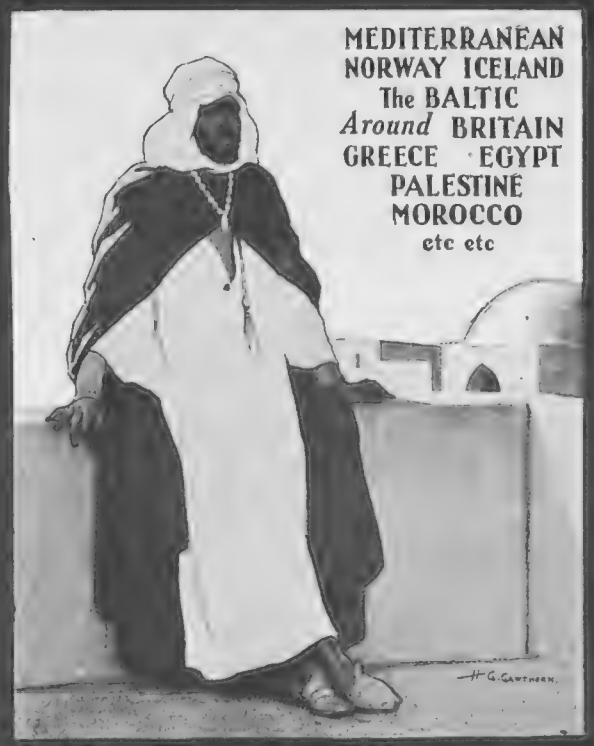
They are good fellows in their way, but surprisingly unlucky in their love affairs, and these domestic misfortunes, together with the war-time transformation of an old-fashioned publishing-house with a name for good work into a huge, impersonal, Americanised corporation which cares little about what it sells so long as the sales remain high.

It is not a bad story at all, though for my part I found it of considerably less interest than its background. The action, perhaps, is on the slow side. On the other hand there are some war scenes which are as vivid as any I have read, and two or three remarkably clever portraits of women. The book, if no masterpiece, is attractive.

I PASS on to Storm Jameson's new story, *The Voyage Home* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), and must confess myself a little bewildered. The novel is "the second part of the story of Mary Hervey (born Hansyke), first made plain in *The Lovely Ship*, and, no doubt unfortunately for me, I did not happen to read *The Lovely Ship*. As a result I found it more than a little difficult to understand what manner of woman Mary Hervey might be, and for some time was hopelessly lost in the branches, so to speak, of her family tree.

It is certainly a risk to take—this telling a story piecemeal, and I cannot honestly say that *The Voyage Home* "stands by itself." Apparently, too, Mrs. Hervey's story is not completed even now, though whether she deserves a whole trilogy to herself is another matter. In this slice of her life-story she is in her forties, and not altogether satisfied with life as she finds it. Her three children leave her for various reasons, and her old friends die. On the other hand she regains the affections of her husband. The time is the 'eighties, when young ladies could not leave the parental roof for one night without the most serious consequences. And even then, it seems, they had strikes in the shipyards, and could talk of the coming Revolution.

Miss Jameson has deservedly won for herself a high reputation, but I cannot think that this is anything like her best work. It may be that those who enjoyed *The Lovely Ship* will welcome its sequel; but those others who, like myself, only now make Mrs. Hervey's acquaintance will never, I am afraid, wholly rid themselves of the idea that they have been given a book to read from which some vandal has torn out a large chunk at the beginning.



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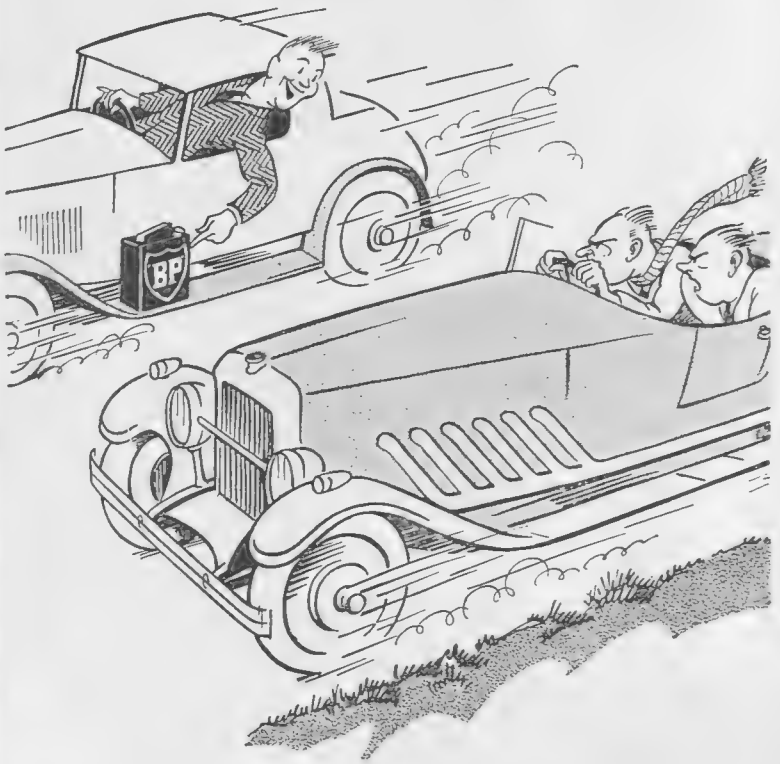

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CLOTHES for the SOUTH

By Olive Caley Smith

Shady Straws and Pastel-hued Felts

LAST year, during the warm summer months, tentative efforts were made to induce women to wear large hats with shady brims, but they were not crowned with any very great measure of success. This year such hats really *will* be worn, for they are the natural complement of the graceful dresses which will be seen on all important occasions. Line will be of the utmost importance, and they will be but lightly trimmed. Narrow twisted ribbons in several contrasting shades may be loosely knotted at one side, and palm leaves of lace, each frond dyed in a different colour, are very effective when let into wide straw brims. Hat brooches are not likely to be relegated to the limbo of the past, but they have changed in design. The new feeling is for filigree ornaments in old gold or silver, set with opaque stones, such as onyx, jade, lapis lazuli, and rose quartz, pinned unexpectedly, high on the crown, or sloping across the back.

Tailored Dresses of Washing Silk

PASTEL-HUED dresses of heavy washing silk, simple in outline, but intricately cut and seamed, have won the approbation of the leaders of fashion on the Riviera. Sketched on the right of this page are two delightful models from Huntley and Company, of 205, Regent Street, where frocks of all English Macclesfield silk, which is guaranteed to be absolutely fadeless, may be obtained from 59*s.* 6*d.* The tennis enthusiast with the racquet wears a shell pink frock which has a flared skirt, two deep pleats being set into a scalloped empiècement. Diagonal pipings across the bodice emphasise its slender lines, and a narrow belt is worn just below the natural waist. The second frock has a skirt which is pleated at the back and front, while an inset tucked panel, surmounted by a little Peter Pan collar, lends it an attractive air of demureness.

Two very practical and charming Macclesfield silk dresses from Huntley and Co. They are obtainable in lovely colours, all of which are fadeless

For Southern Nights

IT is impossible ever to have too many evening dresses for the South, where every night one dances or visits the Casino. The advance Spring models softly mould the figure without ever having any appearance of tightness, as may be seen from the sketch in the foreground at the foot of this page. Made of clear green marquisette, the very full godet skirt falls from a sheath-like top, the line of which is softened by the rows of gauging at the waist. A posy of flowers is worn in the new way on the front of the corsage. It comes from Ninette, of 79, Shaftesbury Avenue, as does the youthful-looking picture frock of buttercup yellow taffetas. A fluted hem of net is appliquéd on to the skirt, and the square neck is emphasised by a diminutive bolero on which beaded motifs are delicately embroidered.

A picture frock in yellow taffetas and a green marquisette gown which softly moulds the figure. Both are sponsored by Ninette

Sketches by Beta

The English Spring

THE first few months of the new year are usually regarded, with ample justification, as being the most treacherous of all. Bonsor's Buccleuch underwear will considerably minimise the danger of chills and kindred illnesses. Knitted with soft pure wools, each garment conforms to modern fashions and allows perfect freedom of movement. Another advantage is that it is extremely durable and will not shrink when washed. Every kind of woven underwear in wool or silk and wool is included in its large range, and each comes direct from the Buccleuch Mills at Hawick.

Furnishing Fabrics and Rugs

IT is indeed excellent news that Williamson and Cole have now opened new Showrooms in Brown's Arcade, 92, Regent Street, where they are displaying a large range of their celebrated "Sunpruf" furnishing fabrics for curtains and loose covers, over three thousand designs being on view. In addition, there are Oriental carpets, Persian rugs, china and glass, as well as some admirable specimens of their latest reproductions in period furniture. A copy of the new edition of "The Home Beautiful," will gladly be presented to anybody who calls, mentioning the name of this paper.

GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO—No. 10

The Marquise de Casa Maury, who is the latest victim to be bagged for George Whitelaw's Who's Zoo, is one of the most attractive, as well as the best dressed, women in Society. She and her husband are forsaking Grosvenor Street for a wonderful new flat in Portman Square

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MOTOR NOTES

A 20/70 Fiat Sportsman Saloon. Its super-compression cylinder and dual carburettor render it capable of attaining a speed of over 80 m.p.h. with a full load of five adults. The bodywork is of English construction and the price of the car complete is only £575

ALL ABOUT THE SPEED LIMIT

By E. M. Wright

No subject seems so productive of controversy as road safety and legislation to assure it, and gradually all the famous names in literature are being drawn in to write about motoring, for that is what it is. I have already referred to the campaign carried on by Mr. A. P. Herbert, the celebrated humorist, who has dropped his rapier and taken up the cudgels to enlarge in dull and serious vein upon the hardships of the poor pedestrian. Next came the great G.B.S., as plain "Bernard Shaw," contributing an article to the *Observer* on the new Traffic Bill. G.B.S. on motoring!

***

Concerning the speed limit, he says, "I break the law every time I take my car out." Yet the speed limit "works when reasonably administered. In this it resembles the law against obscenity in literature . . . which rests on a judicial definition so comprehensive that the only books that are not legally obscene are railway guides and ready reckoners." A motor vehicle, he continues further on, like any other heavy object, is dangerous the moment it begins to move. It is a mistake, however, "to assume that a steam-roller or motor bus, if driven carefully over a baby at two miles an hour will not hurt it, whilst a sports car, which at sixty miles an hour or so becomes supercharged and attains the velocity of light or thereabouts, will mangle and slaughter the same baby horribly." Referring to the objections to level crossings over railways, he says they apply much more strongly to our main roads nowadays. As regards footpaths, "for a quarter of a century past it has been plain to the dullest intelligence that no road open to motor traffic should be without one." The article closes by saying that "it is possible that a useful Act may be the result. All that is needed is to amend every operative line in the Bill so as to make it mean as nearly as possible the contrary of the original draft."

***

In reply to this delightful nonsense, which yet contains more than a germ of common sense, Mr. A. P. Herbert deserts conscious for unconscious humour. Angered by the levity of the great G. B., he wishes "Mr. Shaw would leave this matter to serious writers"! This from "A. P. H."! He proceeds to show that he means it, too. After a lifetime spent in defending the liberty of the private citizen in his delightfully satirical articles in *Punch*, he now turns right round and quotes our drinking laws—that is D.O.R.A.—as an example of the beneficial effects of limits on private liberty. This volte face is no concern of mine. I only quote it to show how his new rôle has changed him. But when he insists on being taken seriously one must perforce do so, and put to him one smashing question: Does he not forget that the laws against drinking are easily enforced by hours, whereas the speed limit is utterly incapable of enforcement in practice? The most that can be done is by isolated and, therefore, unjust victimisation.

***

When the police are urged to take action, they choose the speed limit to act upon, because of all the provisions in the present motor law it is the easiest from which to get convictions. They choose a road that is straight and open because there they will get the maximum of victims with the minimum waste of time. On such a road the most careful driver will exceed the limit. Therefore, the sheep are herded with the goats. The real road-hog, the he-goat as it were, of the flock, usually escapes scot free and at best is merely given the same penalty as any driver who happens to be caught exceeding 20 m.p.h. So long, therefore, as there is a speed limit of any kind the police will concentrate upon it because it appeals to the police mind, and the problem of dangerous driving will remain absolutely untouched.

A Family Affair

In these days of impersonal public companies and robot workmen, the firm of Riley (Coventry), Ltd., is almost unique. It is the creation of one family and still remains a family business, while a family atmosphere pervades its relations with those who work for it. Striking proof was given of this the other day when the fact that more than £1,000,000 worth of cars had been sold

Lord de Clifford with his 3-litre 6 cylinder "Special" Lagonda car with which he entered for the Monte Carlo Rally. This model is a standard production in every respect

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

this season was celebrated at a luncheon given by the London distributors. In 1898 the first Riley car was produced to the design of Mr. Percy Riley in his father's works. Five years later he and his brother, Mr. Victor Riley, the present Chairman and Managing Director, launched the Riley Engine Co., which quickly made a name for itself and its products, and which in the course of time has developed into the present flourishing concern.

Rover Guarantee

THE Rover Company have made arrangements to transfer any unexpired portion of their two years' guarantee when a car passes into the hands of a new owner. The procedure is for the latter to advise the company of his purchase. He will then be given the name of the Rover distributor of his area, who for a fee of £1 will examine the car and report to the makers. The new owner will then be entitled to the same service from the company and the distributor for the remainder of the two years as the original owner would have had. By the way, the Rover Light Six can now be fitted with a four-speed gear box for £7 extra. For technical reasons cars already delivered with three-speed boxes cannot be converted. Those purchasing new models are well advised to make the addition.

Singer in London

IN recent times the centre of the London automobile world has moved west from Holborn and then from Great Portland Street to Piccadilly. The latest concern to set up in this district is the Singer Company, whose new London headquarters and showrooms at Stratton House, Piccadilly, were opened recently. This is yet another example of the energy and bustle of Mr. W. E. Bullock, their Managing Director, for the site in its very raw form was only secured a fortnight before the day of the opening of the Motor Show; yet a window display of the new models was staged by the day Olympia was opened. The huge task of fitting it out was completed recently. The new showrooms are open from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., Saturdays included, and demonstration runs can be given at any time between these hours. The Singer Service and Spares Depot, of course, remains at Wembley.

A Weymann Sportsman's Coupé on a Speed Six Bentley chassis recently built for Lieut.-Commander Glen Kidston. It is the work of Messrs. Gurney, Nutting and Co., Ltd., of Chelsea

Small Cars but Big Savings

BRITISH motor manufacturers do not need to be reminded of the advantages of the Tariff Preferences they enjoy in the Dominions, notably Australia and New Zealand. I have lately, however, come across some interesting figures showing how the motorist in New Zealand himself gains by "buying British." Supposing he keeps a car for five years and covers 10,000 miles a year, he will annually pay no less than £51 10s. in direct or indirect taxation on a typical big American vehicle, costing the agent £300. If he buys that typically British product, a 7 h.p. baby car, costing the agent £100, he will pay only £14 1s. a year. The Customs Duty on the American car will be £174 10s., while that on the British car will only be £23. Spreading these charges equally over five years the annual charges under this heading will amount to £34 16s. and £4 12s. respectively. The owner of this small British car will also benefit by lower petrol consumption, the tax on petrol and lubricating oil amounting to £5 a year. The owner of the American car will have to pay £10 5s. E. M. W.

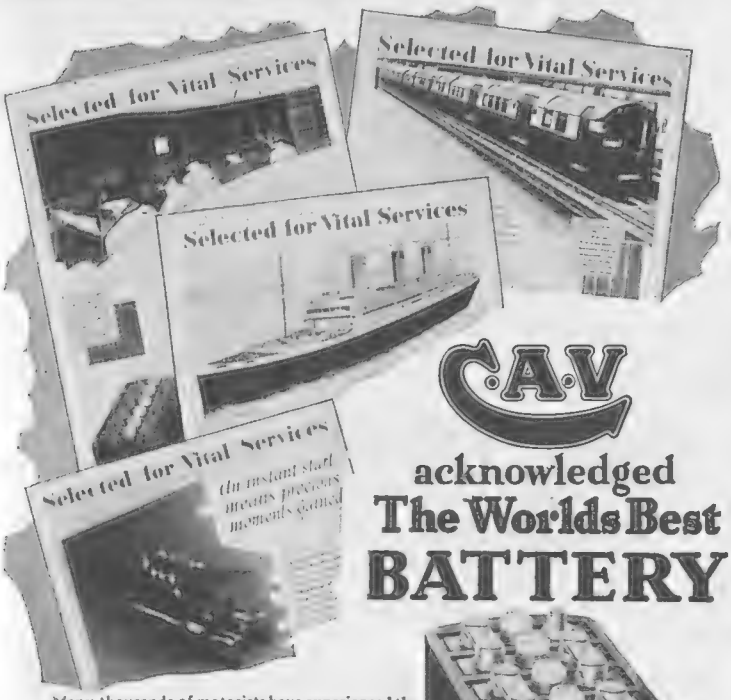
All British!

COMER
HUMBER
HILLMAN

use and Officially Recommend—
the Product of an All-British Firm..

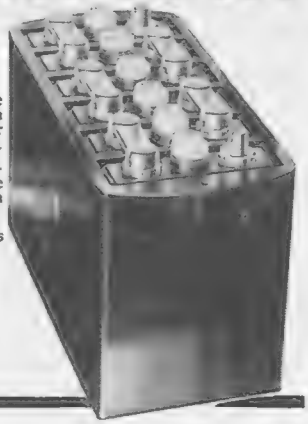
WAKEFIELD
CASTROL
MOTOR OIL

C. C. Wakefield & Co. Ltd., All-British Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C. 2



C.A.V

acknowledged
The Worlds Best
BATTERY



Many thousands of motorists have experienced the long and faithful service which is obtained from C. A. V. batteries, with the result that their reputation for unfailing reliability is world-wide.

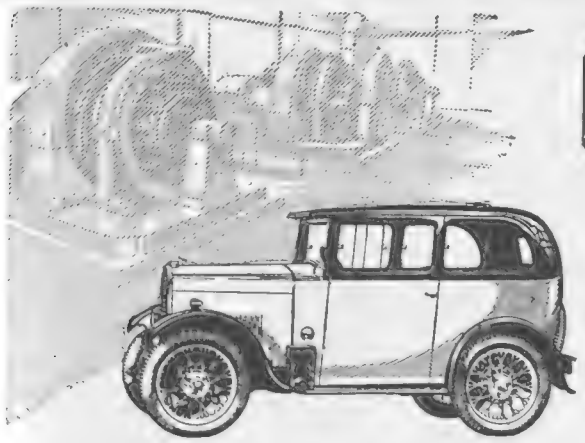
That is why the C.A.V. battery, which so efficiently fulfils the individual need, is also the battery selected for duties of vital importance in public services.

When you require a new battery for your car, it is both safe and sure to BUY A C.A.V.

OBTAINABLE FROM YOUR GARAGE OR LOCAL BATTERY DEALER—C.A.V. DEPOTS AND BATTERY SERVICE AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

There is a suitable C.A.V. Battery for your Car and Wireless set too.

C.A.Vandervell & Co. Ltd.
ACTON, LONDON, W.3.



The HALL MARK OF THE MOTOR INDUSTRY IS THE NAME TRIUMPH

Smooth running

Smooth, turbine-like running, vibrationless and silent, powerful beyond expectation; brakes, velvety smooth, Lockheed hydraulic, perfectly compensated, positive—ensure safety at all speeds. Such is the Triumph Super Seven.

See this small car, try it, compare its performance and comfort. It is the finest small car in the world.

Write for the catalogue to-day.

There are eleven models—from £162 - 10, and a wide range of colour schemes.

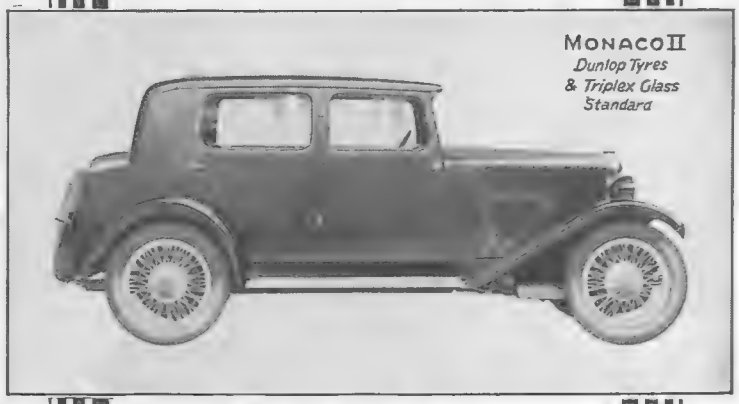
15 h.p. Saloons from £375.

Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres standard.

TRIUMPH
Super Seven
The finest small car in the world.

Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland Street, W.1 (1st Floor).

THE CAR THAT'S SET ALL THE WORLD TALKING



Listen
here's an example!

"May I take this opportunity of heartily congratulating you on the Riley '9.' It's marvellous and I say this after 20 years of Motoring in Australia and Great Britain—my next car will be a Riley 'Six.'"

L.G.E., Braintree.

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY
Riley
AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

And now let us arrange a demonstration—

RILEY (Coventry) LTD.
COVENTRY

London—42, North Audley Street, W.1

(*When writing ask for Catalogue and copy of "The Riley Record."*)

DOGS

MEET MR. SCRUNCH! By "The Kennelman"

You probably have it there already, but, if not, and if you care at all for Dogs—it is rumoured there may still be an odd, very odd, person here and there who doesn't—you should forthwith note in your engagement book that on this day week, February 12, the biggest Dog Show in the world is opened to the public at the Agricultural Hall. Cruft's great show is open for two days only, not, as before the War, for three; and as there will be more to see there this year than ever before, it's well to turn up in good time on the first morning. Even then, if you're out for information as well as interest, you'd better book the second day, too. Remember there are more than seventy different breeds classified; and when the excitement of actual judging is over will come your best chance for quiet study of individual Dogs, and, too, for gossip with the experts: exhibitors, breeders, kennelmen and maids; all the most practical doggy folk in the kingdom, and many from other lands. It's a wonderful opportunity to get something for nothing: doggy lore without tears. So we'll meet at the Agricultural Hall then—ten ack emma next Wednesday.

ONE thought of bread and milk as a tolerably innocent indulgence, but you may have noticed that the dietetic pundits have of late waxed eloquent in the newspapers in condemning it as a dangerous kind of hooch. The hon. secretary of the Food Education Society, in particular (pseudonym "Mr. Scrunch"; pray note that!), has been specially severe regarding "the pernicious habit of pap feeding, so long prevalent, despite the grave warnings of eminent medical men"; and, having regard to the perils of dental disease and resultant poisoning, has urged that "the bowl of bread and milk should be tabooed." Well, but what's it got to do with "The Kennelman"? Only this, that one little glance into the mouth of your Dog friend, especially at the shape of his teeth, should satisfy you that these warnings to humans apply with a hundred per cent. more urgency where Dog-feeding—the basis of doggy health—is concerned. "Mr. Scrunch" is doubtless in the right of it about ourselves, but you may take it for gospel beyond all peradventure that if your Dog's food is not mainly scrunchable, the sort of tack that demands gnawing, crunching, tearing—in short, if it's not *hard* tack, you're not feeding him properly, and he can't thrive so well as he should. If you doubt it, get it confirmed from the Dog's mouth. (Write to the Free Information Bureau about it: 24, Jacob Street, Bermondsey, S.E.1.)

THERE are scores of ways in which our Dogs contribute to the national well-being, apart from their main gift of services and companionship. They give profitable employment for millions of capital and many thousands of men and women, and in annual licences alone nearly a million of money to the Treasury. By the way, correspondents show confusion regarding sundry fees. The Dog licence is 7*s.* 6*d.* Registration at the Kennel Club now only 2*s.* 6*d.*; and, yet more modest, membership of the invaluable Tail-Waggers' Club (37-38, Temple Chambers, E.C.4) only 2*s.* The Tail-Waggers have a jolly journal of their own.

HOW many new clubs secure a quarter of a million members in their first year? The Tail-Waggers, whose address is given above, have just accomplished it. Their practical services to dogdom are growing daily, and now include local guidance regarding Dog hotels and boarding establishments, the best canine vets., and the like. Members include the Prince of Wales's Dogs, Princess Mary's, the Princess Royal's, the Queen of Norway's, and others whose membership numbers on their medallions show the serial letter R. Other equally valued members have their homes in cottages, and the Club grows in strength and usefulness from day to day.

THE Kennel Club's 1930 Field Trial Spring Meeting has been fixed for April 23 and following days over Mr. Pretyman's estate at Orwell Park, Ipswich; Colonel Wilson and Mr. C. Alington judging.

CASTILLON
COGNAC
IS BRANDY AT ITS VERY BEST

Willing CC15

HOTEL des ANGLAIS
CANNES.

The recognised Leading First-class English Hotel.
Beautiful situation overlooking Town and Sea.

HOTEL PAVILLON
CANNES.

Splendid Garden facing the Sea.
PRIVATE BATHS. RUNNING WATER. AUTOBUS TO GOLF LINKS.
Same Management as the Imperial and Folkestone Hotels, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

DOG MIXTURE
In Bottles from 1/6
BENBOW'S
THE FINEST TONIC & PICK-ME-UP
2 BARTHOLEMEW CLOSE LONDON: E.C.1.

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER
MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

STAMPS Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices.
G. E. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent.

MONEY WON'T BUY HEALTH
DRINK MORE WATER
BERKEFELD FILTER BRITISH
The standard of perfect water filtration. A necessity in every home. A real safeguard against water impurities.
WRITE FOR BOOKLET.
Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Banking Facilities for Everyone

The time when a banking account was regarded as the privilege of any particular section of the community has long since passed, and the National Provincial Bank provides in its arrangements for the requirements of everyone.

British and Overseas Banking of every description transacted

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Savings Accounts may be opened at any Branch with a deposit of 2/6. No introduction is required

HOME SAFES ISSUED — FREE OF CHARGE —

TRUSTEESHIPS AND EXECUTORSHIPS UNDERTAKEN.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

Paid-up Capital - -	£9,479,416
Reserve Fund - -	£9,479,416
Deposits, etc. (Dec., 1929	£272,561,592

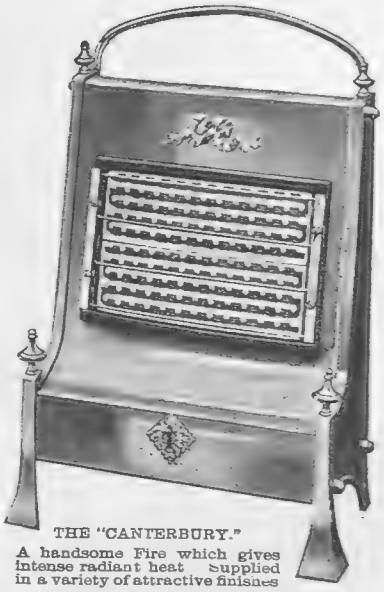
Head Office:
15, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2

1,308 Offices. Agents Everywhere.

Affiliated Banks:
COUTTS & CO. GRINDLAY & CO., LTD.

Beauty and warmth

By Appointment Ironfounders to H.M. The King.



THE "CANTERBURY."
A handsome Fire which gives intense radiant heat supplied in a variety of attractive finishes
PRICES FROM £2 15. 0.

Carron Electric Fires are appreciated for their beauty of design, warm, cheerful glow and ever-ready service.

A Carron Electric Fire provides warmth at a touch of the switch. A boon to small households, essential to large. It saves labour and reduces cost. Made in many sizes and styles to suit every requirement.

Your Electrical Contractor or Local Supply Authority will give you further particulars, or write for 84B Catalogue of Carron Electric Fires, post free.

CARRON ELECTRIC FIRES

WELCOME WARMTH AT WILL!

CARRON COMPANY. *Works:* CARRON, STIRLINGSHIRE.

London Showrooms:
50, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.1
and 15, Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

Also at
LIVERPOOL: Redcross St. EDINBURGH: George St
GLASGOW: Buchanan Street, C.1 BRISTOL: Prince St.

MENTON. ORIENT HOTEL
Beautiful, Spacious, Modern, Renewed.
Every Comfort. English Clientele.
Grand Gardens, Quite Central.
ONE OF THE FINEST HOTELS HERE
Man. Prop., L. BRUNETTI.

SONG POEMS WANTED
Successful Composer invites known or unknown Authors to submit Lyrics for prompt consideration. *Send MSS. and Stamp, "Composer" (552), c/o Rays Advt. Agency, Cecil Court, London, W.C.2.*

HOTEL WESTMINSTER.
THE VERY BEST SITUATION ON THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS
NICE.

MONTE CARLO
THE "KNICKERBOCKER" RESTAURANT
The famous night club (chez Frédéric).
Dancing—Attraction during Dinners & Suppers. OPEN ALL NIGHT.

NICE. THE PALACE HOTEL
Strictly first-class.
In its own Garden.
Central and quiet.
W. MEYER, *Prop.*

THE GOURMET — Conducted by EMILIA

Luncheon

GRAPE FRUIT.

CREAMED OYSTERS.

CASSOLETTES OF CHICKEN.
SEAKALE À LA MORNY.
POMMES SOUFFLÉES.

MERINGUED APPLES WITH DATES.

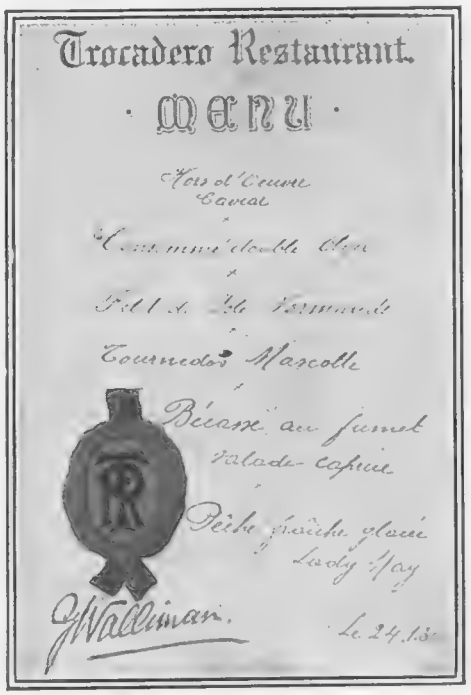
CAFÉ.

Creamed Oysters

SCALD two dozen oysters in their own liquor and drain, setting aside the liquor. Mix thoroughly two tablespoonfuls of flour and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Set on stove, and when well heated add the oyster liquor, and salt and cayenne to taste. Cook for about fifteen minutes, then draw from the fire. Stir in two tablespoonfuls of thick cream and lastly throw in the oysters.

Cassolettes of Chicken

PREPARE some potato as if for croquettes and roll into medium-sized balls. Shape them into the form of small drums and mark one end with a little cutter. Dip them into beaten eggs and cover thickly with fine breadcrumbs. When hard, fry in boiling fat until golden brown, then remove and drain them. Take off the marked portion at the top, and very carefully scoop out the soft potato from the inside, fill the hollow cases with a delicately flavoured mince of chicken mixed with cut-up mushrooms, and put them into the oven for a few minutes. The chicken should be cut into tiny dice, not passed through a mincer. Serve garnished with fried parsley.



The menu of a recent dinner served in the Restaurant at the Trocadero. There is also a really excellent cabaret entertainment

Seakale à la Morny

BOIL some seakale in plenty of salted water and the juice of a lemon, and when done drain on a sieve. Arrange it neatly on a slice of toast, and pour over carefully a layer of béchamel sauce, sprinkle over some grated cheese, season with white pepper and a pinch or two of paprika. Pour over some melted butter, and dredge lightly with a few breadcrumbs. Place the dish in a very hot oven long enough to brown the top, and serve hot.

Meringued Apples with Dates

PEEL some even-sized cooking apples. Core each, taking care not to break the apples. Stone some dates and chop them finely and mix with a few chopped sultanas; fill the centre of each apple with this. Place in a buttered sauté-pan, cover with a buttered paper and bake in a fairly hot oven until the apples are quite tender. When cold, mash each carefully with meringue mixture, made with two stiffly whisked whites of egg and 1 oz. of castor sugar. Place on a baking sheet or fireproof dish. Dredge over with castor sugar and bake for another ten minutes. Serve hot or cold.

What! No Appetite?
Try
Chivers' Olde English Marmalade
The Morning Tonic!

New Season's—Now Ready

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD.,
The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge, England.

155

Avoid Gout

THE incomparable virtues of the Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water have won for it the world-wide fame in the treatment of ***gout*** and kindred disorders.

Drawn from the famous "Célestins" spring at Vichy, and bottled under State supervision, this famous Mineral Water is an acknowledged and *proven* defence against *gout, diabetes,* and the early stages of chronic affections of the urinary passages.

Pleasing to the palate and invaluable as a tonic-digestant, Vichy-Célestins should be taken regularly at meals, either in its pure state or it can be mixed with light wines or spirits.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,
Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1.

VICHY ETAT

MOORES' Hats are known the world over as the finest Britain can produce—made by the largest fur Bowler hat makers in the world, with all the weight and prestige of almost three-quarters of a century of successful manufacture behind their famous name. Throughout changing fashions they have stood steadfast—unbeaten in fine quality and splendid workmanship—perfect in fashion, fit and finish.

Moores HATS

Made by the largest Manufacturers of Fur Bowler Hats in the World.
Factory - - Denton, England

B2

The Complexion

will be greatly improved by using LAROLA TOILET POWDER, 2/6 per box; and a touch of LAROLA ROSE BLOOM, 1/- per box, which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell they are artificial.

WINTER SPORTS

No matter how bad the weather may be you need never fear its effect upon your skin if you protect same by regularly using

BEETHAMS **Larola**

upon your face, neck, hands and arms before and after exposure. It protects the skin from all blemishes, leaving it soft and velvety.

TRY A BOTTLE.—We *know* you will be delighted with its effect! **1/6** and **2/6.**

From all Chemists and Stores or post free direct from:—

M. BEETHAM & SON,
Cheltenham, England.

SWITZERLAND
F. Uhlmann Eyraud, S.A., Geneva.
Doetsch Gretcher & Cie, Basle.
O. Brassart, Zurich.

Restful.

When overtired through weakness, or mental or physical strain, Benger's is the most restful and beneficial light diet anyone can have.

With fresh milk it cooks into a most palatable food cream. Half tea and half Benger's Food is delicious.

BENGER'S Food

Regd. TRADE MARK.

Sold in tins, 1/4, 2/3, etc.

Descriptive Booklet post free

BENGER'S FOOD, LTD.
Otter Works,
Manchester.

2466

WEIRD STORIES

Now Ready.

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE PER COPY
2/6
(Postage 4d. extra)

Order with remittance to be sent to—
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Ltd.,
Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

By Appointment Hard Lawn *Tennis Court Makers to H.M. The King*

"EN-TOUT-CAS" SUCCESSES

BRITISH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS 1930-1-2-3-4
(WEST HANTS CLUB, BOURNEMOUTH)

BRITISH JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS 1929 (ALL-ENGLAND CLUB, WIMBLEDON)

THE NEW IMPROVED "**En-Tout-Cas**"

HARD LAWN TENNIS COURTS
Are being used for the above Championships

FRENCH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS 1929-30-1-2-3

DAVIS CUP CONTEST 1929
CHALLENGE ROUND OF FINALS

THE "**En-Tout-Cas**"
BOUHANA

HARD LAWN TENNIS COURTS
Were selected for these important Meetings

Write for illustrated booklet and full particulars to:
THE EN-TOUT-CAS Co. (Syston), Ltd., SYSTON, Near Leicester.
London Offices: Fortnum & Mason, 182 Piccadilly, W.1.
United States Agents: H. A. ROBINSON & Co., Inc., 128 Water St., New York.
Agents for Canada: ERNEST A. PURKISS, Ltd., 53 Yonge Street, Toronto.

VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

The Colds that others give us

More colds are caught through contact with infected persons than from any other cause. Make a habit of putting a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief every morning, so that you can breathe the vapour during the day when exposed to infection.

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/-

V.47 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

THE MUSIC BOX

Which combines a highest quality Radio set with a reliable and amplified gramophone. It is the production of the Vandervell Electric Reproducing Co., Ltd., whose showrooms are at 15, Clifford Street, Bond Street, W.1

Progress in Electric Advertisement

It has long been the boast of New York that her electric signs are the most striking in the world. Until a few years ago probably this was so. Now, however, thanks to the vigorous advances made by various agencies, the signs of London and other British cities rank equally high. The photograph seen on this page, showing the advertisements at Trafalgar Square, provides ample proof of this. The Crosse and Blackwell sign, for instance, takes up a greater length of vacuum tubing than any other of its kind in the world.

The Perfect Reproduction

We heard recently at a luncheon party at the Kit-Cat the most amazing radio invention called "The Music Box," designed by Mr. Cecil Broadhurst and produced by Mr. Guy Vandervell, of the Vandervell Electric Reproducing Company, Ltd. The Music Box has captured the miracle of radio and gramophone. When operating you might be in the presence of the singer himself, so round and rich are the notes, and every instrument in the orchestra can be picked out, both high notes and low, clearly true. It is impossible to compare it with an ordinary wireless or gramophone, for it sets a unique standard in reproduction, and can be used either with a gramophone record or by switching on to any broadcasting station. Being electrically controlled there are no batteries, and you simply plug it into an electric switch, set it—and leave it. The loud speaker is entirely novel, being driven by a moving coil having a composition flat, non-resonant diaphragm giving unequalled reproduction. There is of course no winding, and the volume can be controlled at will. In a very handsome cabinet of mahogany it is a perfect instrument for the theatre, the picture palace, or dance hall, and in any home where dancing is enjoyed the Music Box always at hand gives results only comparable to that of a full orchestra. It can be seen and heard at the Vandervell showrooms, 15, Clifford Street, New Bond Street.

The Complete Reference

In the 1930 issue of the Post Office London Directory, which, by the way, is the 131st edition, the information contained is, as usual, both ample and versatile. The index of Streets includes practically every road and square in London, while the Private Residents' list acts almost as a second telephone directory. Particulars are also given of the Establishments of the various Government Departments, with a list in alphabetical order of the various officials. There are special columns devoted to Trade and Commerce, and even hotels throughout the whole country are aptly recorded. City, Municipal, Clerical, and Parochial sections, each under separate classifications, can be found, and any point as regards Parliament or Law can easily be referred to. There is also a full-size street map (4 inches to the mile), on the back of which is given a plan of the suburbs extending in some directions to twenty miles from Charing Cross. Published by Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 186, Strand, a copy can be purchased for 55s., or, handsomely bound in leather gilt, for 70s.

A LONDON NOCTURNE

A view of Trafalgar Square by night which bears eloquent testimony to the artistry and efficiency of modern electric signs in Britain

JACOB'S WATER BISCUITS 2/- PER TIN

Packed in a tin you can use on the table

Also obtainable (either "*high-baked*" or "*ordinary*") loose or in half-pound packets

For PERMANENT Effacement of Superfluous Hair!

THE marvellous French creation "Gypsia" Pilophage Water, which has enjoyed great popularity for many years in France and the United States, is a complete treatment consisting of two distinctly different liquids.

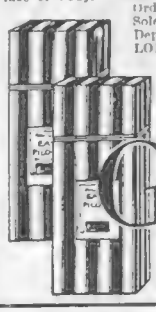
No. 1 Water DISSOLVES the STIFFEST HAIRS within two or three minutes without leaving the slightest trace on the skin and without causing irritation. Compared with powders and pastes it is cleaner easier to use and more rapid in action.

No. 2 Water is used on the skin after the superfluous hair has been removed by No. 1. It is applied for the sole purpose of REACHING the ROOTS already laid bare by No. 1, and to DESTROY these ROOTS, thus PREVENTING NEW GROWTH. After the application of No. 2 Water the skin appears wonderfully clear and velvety.

Truly astounding in action, the "Gypsia" Treatment is guaranteed perfectly harmless—in fact, owing to its astringent properties it softens and beautifies the skin—it produces no redness or irritation whatever.

Commence with this wonderful home treatment AT ONCE. The complete treatment costs only 24/6, and will be forwarded by return of post in plain wrapper upon receipt of remittance. State whether required for face or body. Please cross cheques and postal orders. Order direct from MADAME SUEUR, Sole Distributor for Great Britain, Dept J., 24, DUKE ST., PICCADILLY LONDON, S.W.1.

Ladies resident in Liverpool and district are advised that Gypsia Eau Pilophage is stocked by Messrs. Bacon, Ltd., Liverpool.



EAU PILOPHAGE

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

Let the "GREAT EIGHT" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE BYSTANDER," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," and "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 4, Place du Molard, Geneva.

FOLLOW THE SUN

TAORMINA

SAN DOMENICO PALACE

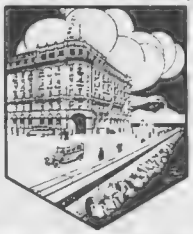
Every modern comfort in the romantic frame of an ancient monastery. Beautiful gardens overlooking the sea and Etna.

ROME

THE EXCELSIOR

Meeting place of the most interesting figures of Roman and International Society. Situated in the Ludovisi quarter close to the Pincian Hill and the Villa Borghese.

NAPLES



THE EXCELSIOR

On the bay in the exclusive Santa Lucia residential district. A model of comfort.

ROME

GRAND HOTEL ET DE ROME

An aristocratic home in the exclusive centre of Rome.

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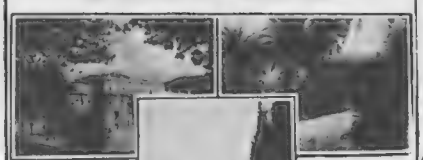

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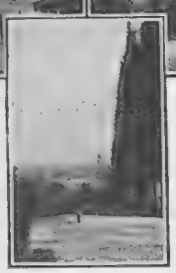

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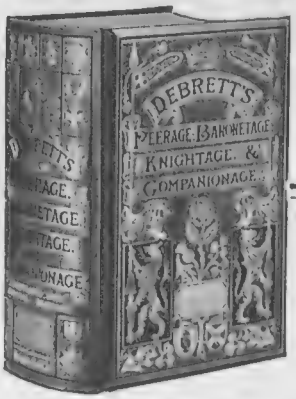

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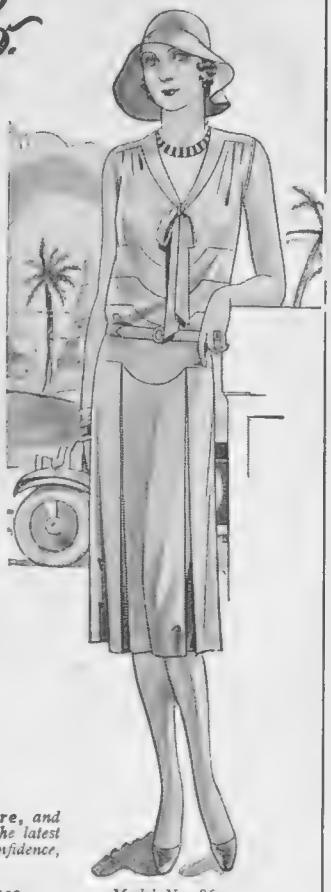

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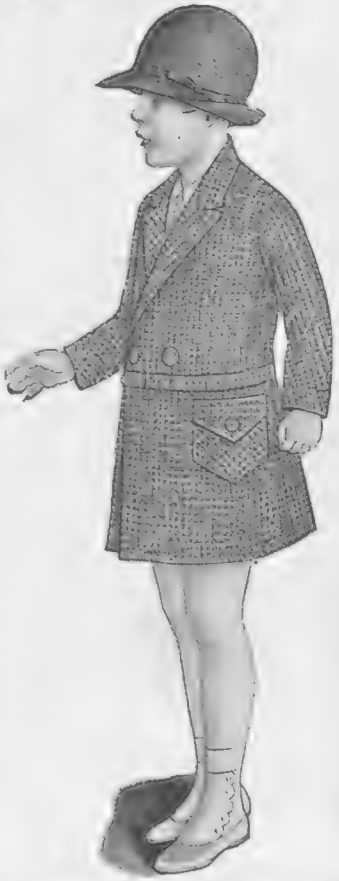

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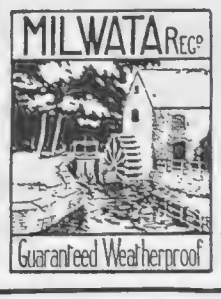

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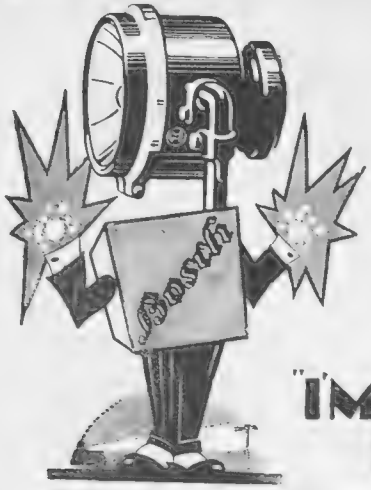

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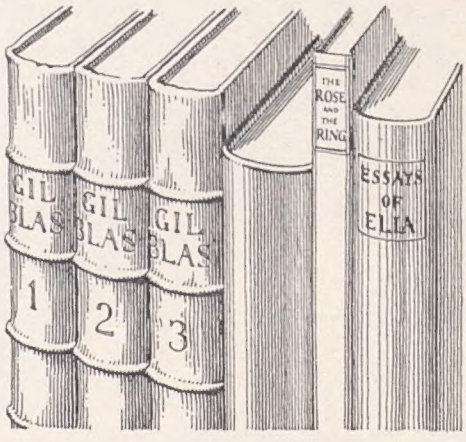

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"THE MOVIE FINGER WRITES . . ." by Sydney Tremayne
"OUR DISTANT COUSINS" by Lord Dunsany
"BETTER BREAKFASTS" by Catherine Ives
"ECONOMY IN SPACE AND DETAIL" by Madge Garland
"WE ARE ALL YOUNG ONCE" by May Edginton
"POISONED TONGUES" by Cosmo Hamilton
"THE HISTORY OF THE BED" by Eric Dighton
THE HIGH WATER-MARK OF FASHION
"MADAM, DID YOU KNOW . . . ?"
"THE ANGEL OF THE PALMS" by Beatrice Grimshaw
"POKER FIST . . ." by Robert Saudek
"THE SAWDUST PSYCHIC" by Guy Gilpatric
"DISTEMPER" by Violet Small
"ACTIVITY IS THE LAW OF LIFE" by Margaret Gaye
"YOUR DUTY TO YOUR HAIR" by "Chrysis"
"HOCKEY" by Mrs. Eustace White
"BADMINTON MATCH-PLAY" by Alice M. Cooke
THE WOMEN'S GOLF SECTION, conducted by Eleanor E. Helme
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